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VOLUME 13 NUMBER 8

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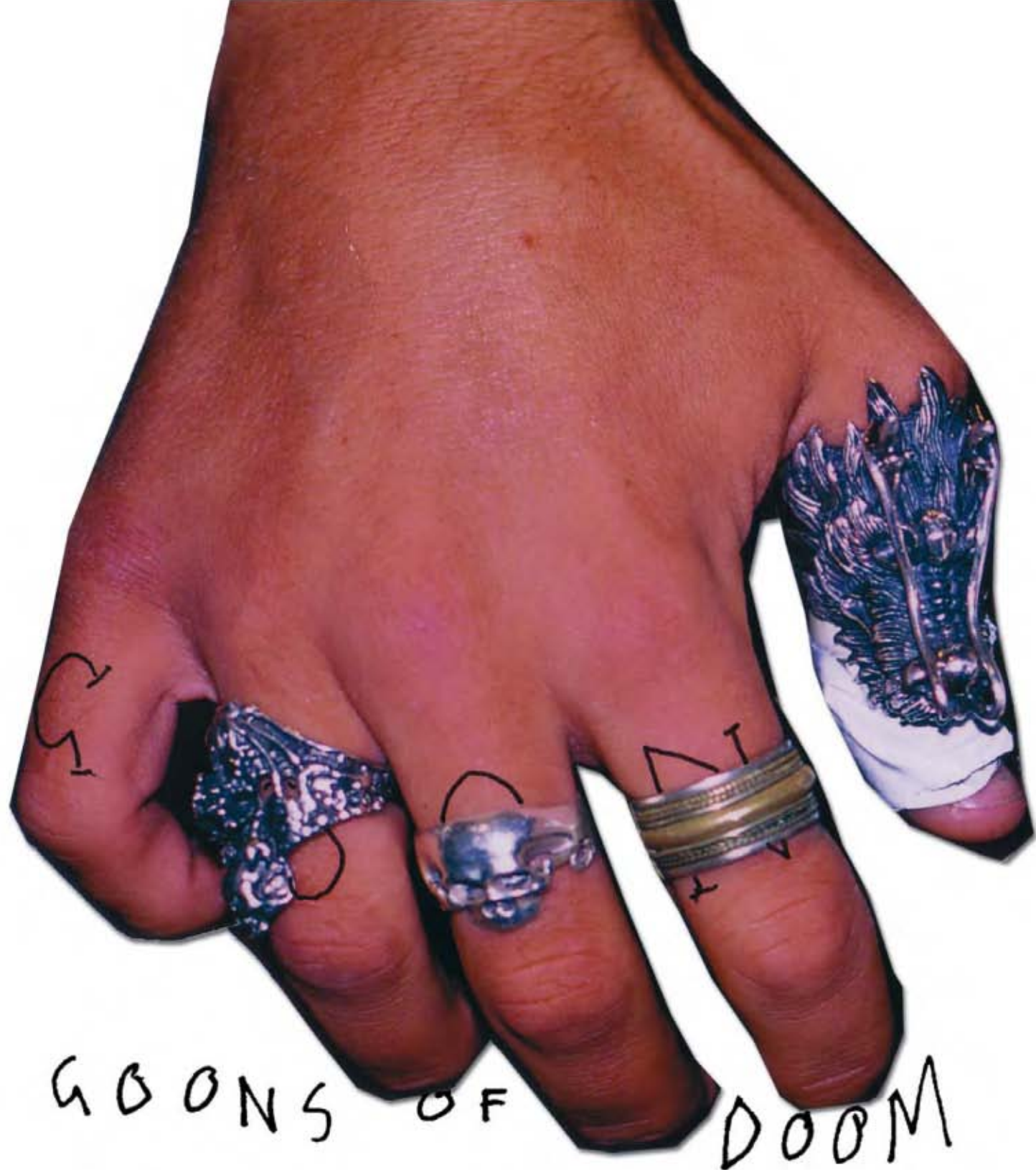
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REVIEW

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IN THE TENTS OF THE  
AND AT THE VORWOLFE THE ROZ  
ON THE DREAMS OF THE NOTHING  
FOR CYCLES NEAR THE EVIL SIDE  
THE STAGE SUFFERED A SMALL  
EXPLOSION. DILY BLUE WHITE SMOKE  
WHIRLED UP AND A SPACE OPENED  
INSTANTLY THE PEOPLE  
MOVING AWAY FROM THE TROUBLE  
COULD SEE VIOLENT MOVEMENT  
TO RISE AROUND, BUT NO DETAILS



**VOLUME 13  
NUMBER 8**

Cover photo and all  
presenter pictures by  
Patrick O'Dell.

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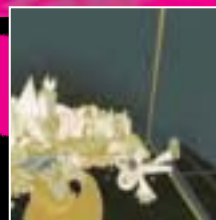
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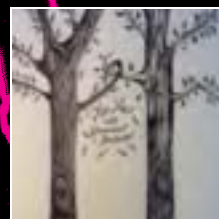
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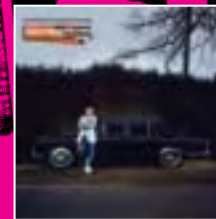
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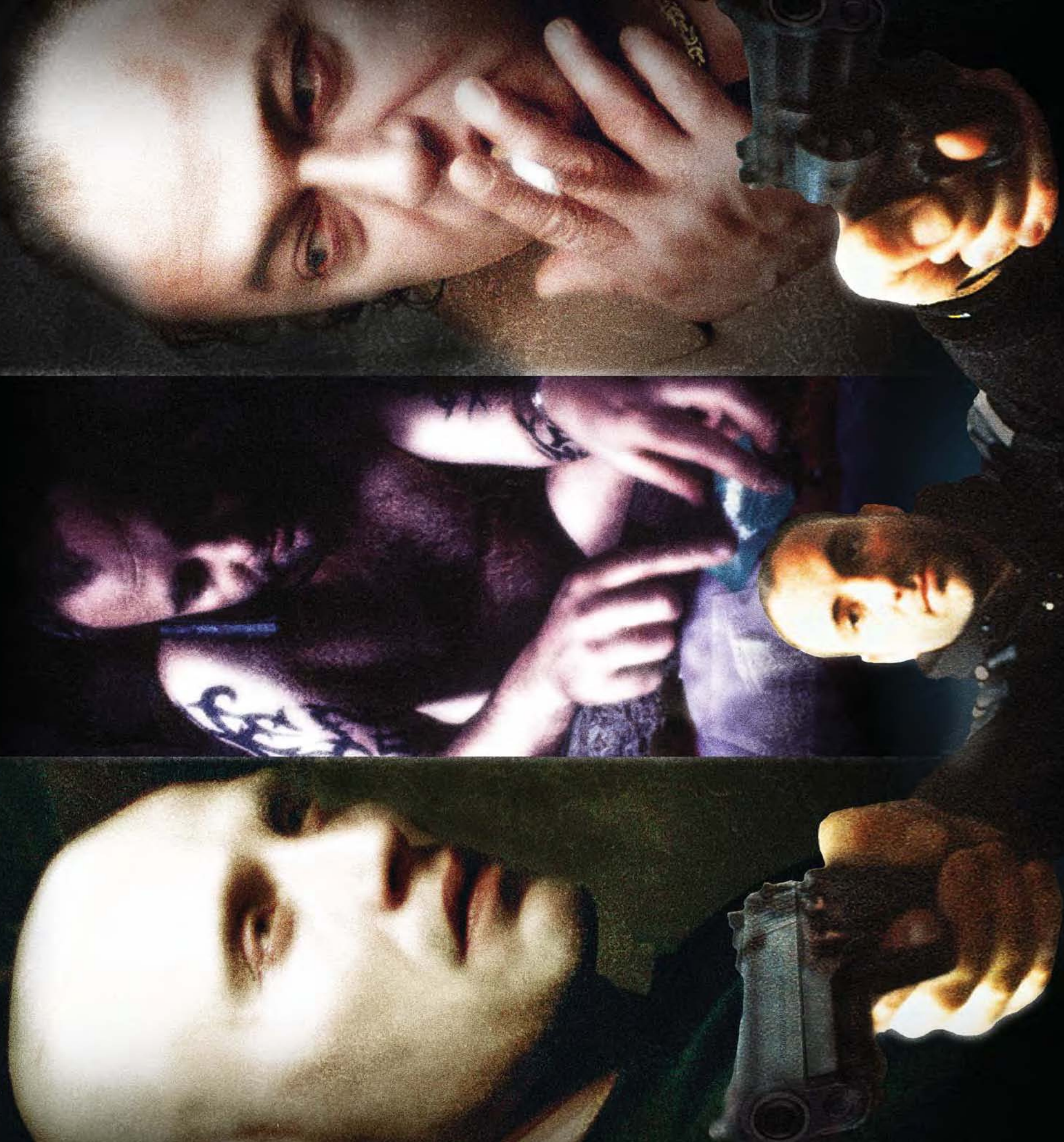
## **PUSHER II**

WITH BLOOD ON MY HANDS

## **PUSHER**

## **PUSHER III**

I'M THE ANGEL OF DEATH



NICOLAS WINDING REFNS

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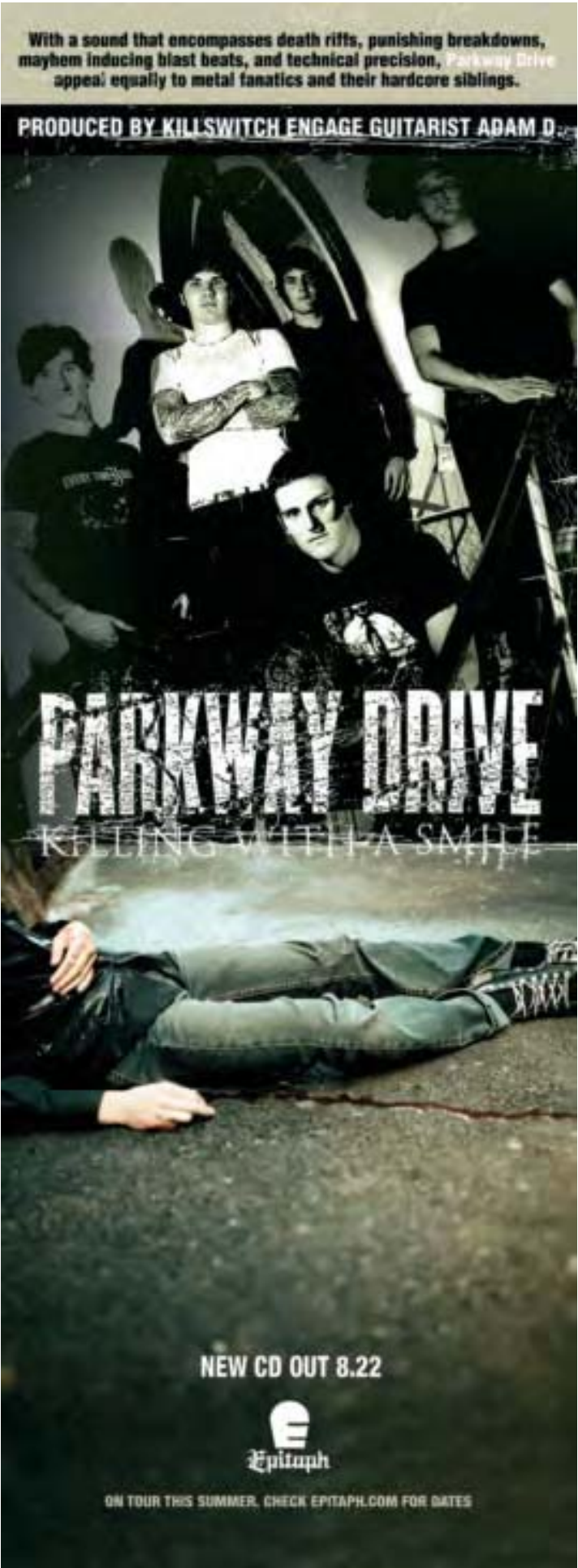


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Employees of the Month



**PATRICK DEAN**  
Patrick Dean was born in Rome, Georgia, and relocated to Athens to attend the University of Georgia, where he still lives with his wife, daughter, cat, and a bunch of messy dogs. After graduating with a BFA in Graphic Design, he went on to the illustrious career of washing dishes, where he inevitably cut open his drawing hand. Then he quit washing dishes and took a day job that did not involve sharp things.

Now his comics appear weekly in Athens' *Flagpole* magazine and have also been published in *Studygroup*, *Legal Action Comics*, and *The Oxford American*. He did the illustrations for the Story Awards, and he got them all done in a week. This further reinforces our belief that good draftsmen are like the firefighters in the 9-11 of magazine making. Or something like that.

See ALL OVER THE AWARDS SECTIONS



**POPEYE**  
Popeye's been bartending at the Blarney Cove in Manhattan for the past eight years. He rules over the place like a benevolent despot, making sure everybody's cool with each other, happy, and about eight shades drunker than the average person ever gets in his lifetime.

He's also the one who bestows an official nickname on each new regular, and so he is solely responsible for such dead-on monikers as Jimmy Peanut, White Michael Jackson, Monkeyhead, and the inimitable Bernie Goetz. It is unclear who named him after the cartoon sailor, but the likeness is stunning in person.

Plenty of bartenders earn the rep of "good guys" simply by not being total dickheads, but Popeye is a genuine stand-up dude. While we were tromping all through his bar taking pictures and bugging stories out of his patrons, he never once missed a chance to refresh our drinks or fill us in on each barfly's doings.

Popeye, we shall return.

See STORYTIME AT THE BLARNEY COVE, pg. 38



**SONY TCS-580V**  
A lot of folks helped us out with the nominees in the Story Awards, taking time out of their busy work and drinking schedules to sit down with us and unload their best tales for the 5,000th time. But if you want to see the real backbone of this issue, look no further

than this plucky little black box. Our editor stole it from his ex-boss when he got fired. Since then, our buddy here has been to Japan, Australia, bleak Indian reservations, chilly insane asylums, and countless—seriously, countless—bars. He has heard more stories than any single person on earth.

Honestly, we get a little choked up just looking at him.

See EVERYTHING WE EVER DO



from the world of acclaimed author Charles Bukowski

Matt Dillon Lili Taylor Marisa Tomei

fac·tō·tum

n. A man who never had a job he liked; and never kept a job he had.

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ASSOCIATE PRODUCERS RAINER MOCKERT AND KARL BAUMGARTNER EXECUTIVE PRODUCER CHRISTINE KUNENIA WALKER PRODUCED BY JIM STARK AND BENT HAMER DIRECTED BY BENT HAMER



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### COPS ISSUE UNDERSTOOD

Dear *Vice*,

I used to be one of the many people who, for no good reason, disliked cops. Then about two months ago I was sodomized at knifepoint a few feet from my front door. I can say now that I have nothing but respect and admiration for the police. Everyone whom I came in contact with both at my local precinct and at the Special Victims

Unit—not to mention the hospital and courthouse and everywhere else—was above and beyond amazing. Not only that, but they caught the piece of human garbage who attacked me in a week and a day. And people say they don't get things done. There are asshole cops just as there are assholes in every line of work. People need to realize that they are regular people doing extraordinary work and stop hating on them so much. Otherwise, they'll be like me and it'll take a really harsh dose of reality for them to see that cops are there to protect us and catch the people who really make it a hassle to live here. Thanks for doing an issue about police that shows them as more than a uniform and a gun. Keep up the great work, I love your magazine!

Best wishes,  
ANNA  
New York, NY

### COPS ISSUE MISUNDERSTOOD

Dear *Vice*,

If you love cops you obviously don't live in the East Village. They are more interested in stuffing doughnuts into their mouths to increase the size of their fucking HUGE asses than in stopping violent crime. Jumping a turnstile, skateboarding, pissing in the street, having a little dog off a leash, not stopping your bike at a red light—now those will make the 9th Precinct dicks send you downtown. But do they deal with violent crime? Fuck no—they might break a fingernail. Oh, it's great when they call people “faggots,” “assholes,” and “mothercluckers.” Yeah, I love the 9th. I got attacked and they didn't even file a report. Real fucking cupcakes and fine specimens of humanity. Dial 911 and count the half-hours it takes for them to come. If you need to find them, try looking at the nearest Dunkin' Donuts. If you have any problems remember the Civilian Complaint Review Board—they know the 9th really well. Oh, and when you see one, just call him a “doughnut eater”—they can't do shit for calling it like it is.

JM  
From viceland.com

What the fuck is a “motherclucker”?

### WE'RE COPS, WE'RE QUEER, GET USED TO IT

Dear *Vice*,

Regarding the police guy in “Pink in Blue” insisting that ten percent of the Dutch police must be in the closet—that ten-percent stat was invented by gays to make them sound less weird. The true number is more like one percent. Ask a homo friend after a few drinks—he'll admit it. It makes sense too when you think about it. Ten percent implies that out of every class you had in high school, each one had about three gays in it. Yeah right. One in 100 is more like it, and we all know it.

ANONYMOUS  
From viceland.com

### SURE, SURE

Dear *Vice*,

Are you guys dudes who rate what's a DO or a DON'T? Because your fixation with fashion and what's hot or not is so gay. I'm surprised you have time to rate women's outfits when there's probably a new Pottery Barn catalog waiting in your mail bin. If you are a man, you're a complete pussy. There is nothing worse than a guy who gives a shit about what “labels” a girl is wearing. I've been rocking the black-t-shirt-and-blue-jeans look for years with great luck. REAL men don't give a shit what a girl is wearing as long as they know they can score.

Your obsession with fashion is so ultra-faggoty it's gross. You should see a doctor about your testosterone levels.

Kisses,  
SUKO  
Via email

Are the DOs and DON'Ts really about what's hot and what's not? No they aren't, you fucking retard. In fact, the majority of the time a DON'T is someone that takes fashion really seriously and is trying their ass off. Go to the archives page online and look at the past 200 in the grid. Does it look like a column about labels?

### DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH DEPT.

Hey *Vice*,

I was wondering if Electric Independence is ever coming back. Any info would be appreciated—our beards are already plenty long and gray.

Thanks,  
PETER LANSKY  
Via email

Nope. Not in the American edition anyway. We're over it. Those sophisticates in Europe still love “electronica,” so we run it there. You can read it at viceland.com.

### COPS' FAVORITE PEOPLE

Dear *Vice*,

In response to “Policing the Police,” yes, yes, many of the CCRB investigators were and possibly are young white kids from the suburbs of Whereversville. As a former CCRB investigator who was born and raised in New York City, this was initially a bone of contention for me. However, the fact was that we all went through a rigorous hiring process and were trained to investigate the validity of complaints. We accomplished this by reviewing police records (I don't know where Jenn was working, but the rest of us had access to police records), interviewing officers, canvassing neighborhoods in search of credible witnesses, and then analyzing the information. That's what was done, and generally done soundly. Investigators are not seasoned vets of the NYPD, but are overall bright and savvy people. Maybe Jenn is simply boasting of her own BA in ineptitude from Princeton? In the end, our cases were checked and rechecked by several seasoned investigators and a supervisor before they were sent forward.

My supervisor, a former NYPD detective with over 25 years on the job, often supported my position when a case was moving toward substantiation. And when he didn't agree, he often had good reason—not just because he, like the subject officer, loved doughnuts and Coney Island. When asked, he imparted knowledge about the inner workings of various units and assisted the team toward a clear and fair recommendation. The real issue as I see it is that the NYPD can either accept or reject a recommendation of substantiation against an officer. Why have an independent review body if the department ultimately makes the

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## VOL.3 IN STORES AUGUST 1st

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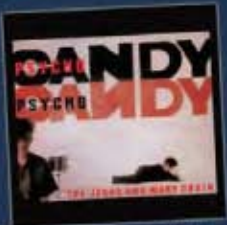
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final decision? Many of us felt that all of our hard work was for naught.

Jenn Riley's assessment of the CCRB was unfair, and in some ways an absolute distortion of reality. CCRB investigations are quality investigations, the investigators smart and hard-working. Any glitches in the system should be blamed on bureaucracy and not the investigative body.

FORMER CCRB'R  
From viceland.com

Fine, but the point is our culture is so determined to “Question Authority” and catch people in uniform fucking up that the abuse pendulum has swung the other way and they can no longer do their fucking jobs. Policing the police sounds good on paper, but when you’re the only ones playing by the rules, you are a sitting duck for people that can’t wait to abuse the system.



ESKIMO LIFE

Dear Vice,

That picture of the Eskimo kid with the eyeball in his mouth from the Photo Issue was pretty intense, but it only scratches the surface of the type of carnage that goes on during meals out in Inuit country. I know you guys probably think he's a chode, but did you catch the episode of that Anthony Bourdain show where he's eating the raw seal with the Inuit family, and they're all just tearing out huge hunks of muscle and fat with their hands and wolfing it down? I have seen pretty much every zombie movie made to date and still, there's one shot of the grandmother grinning with all that fucking gore coming down her chin that is permanently scorched into the back of my retinas. It's a shame you didn't do anything with them back in the Food Issue. Come to think of it, it's also a shame you didn't have them in the Natives Issue.

Regards,  
KEVIN HUN  
Oakland, CA



THE PETA PATTERN OF LITTLE FEET

Dear Vice,

When will you guys get it through your heads that pictures of dead animals aren't fucking cool or “edgy”? I know you think you're really burking all the hippies and animal rights people by running that shot of the bloody cat face in your Photo Issue, but in fact all you're doing is turning the stomachs of every member of your readership with even one shred of common decency. You wouldn't show a person's face bleeding all over the street and pretend it's “art.” How about showing the same fucking courtesy for what was undoubtedly a loved and loving member of someone's family. I hope you feel happy knowing that a few whiskers and some fur are all that separate you from some Xeroxed 80s rapezine.

KYLIE A.  
Gainesville, FL

Sorry to break it to you, lady, but all kitty cats will one day die. So will all puppies, bunnies, grandmas, and you. PS: We had Iraqis' blown-off faces in the Sex Issue.

Send correspondence to [vice@viceland.com](mailto:vice@viceland.com) (include city and state/province) or to Vice Magazine, 97 North 10th Street, Suite 202, Brooklyn, NY 11211. Letters are edited for length.



  
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**CRACK CANDY**

Every month we get at least three of these things. What do you want us to do? Make a joke about kids doing crack? Kids do crack all the time. In Tampa it's commonplace for middle-class 13-year-olds to hop their bikes, ride downtown, score a rock and spend the rest of the day making jumps and doing wheelies with so much courage and focus they make Evel Knievel look like a lazy fag. Please stop sending us these.



**SERIAL KILLER DOLLS**

Q: Which one of these guys is worse: Donald Rumsfeld, George Bush, or *American Psycho*'s Patrick Bateman?

A: Though Rumsfeld convinced Bush to put about 40,000 people in the ground so far, the award for worst serial killer goes to Bateman, because he killed hot chicks.



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The way we do heroin is bad and everything, but what if you're a zillionaire with a special guy hired to regulate your amounts and make sure you never OD? Is it still bad for you? And even if there are some bad side effects, isn't living a life totally free of stress so healthy that it outweighs that? And if this question were cologne, what would it smell like?



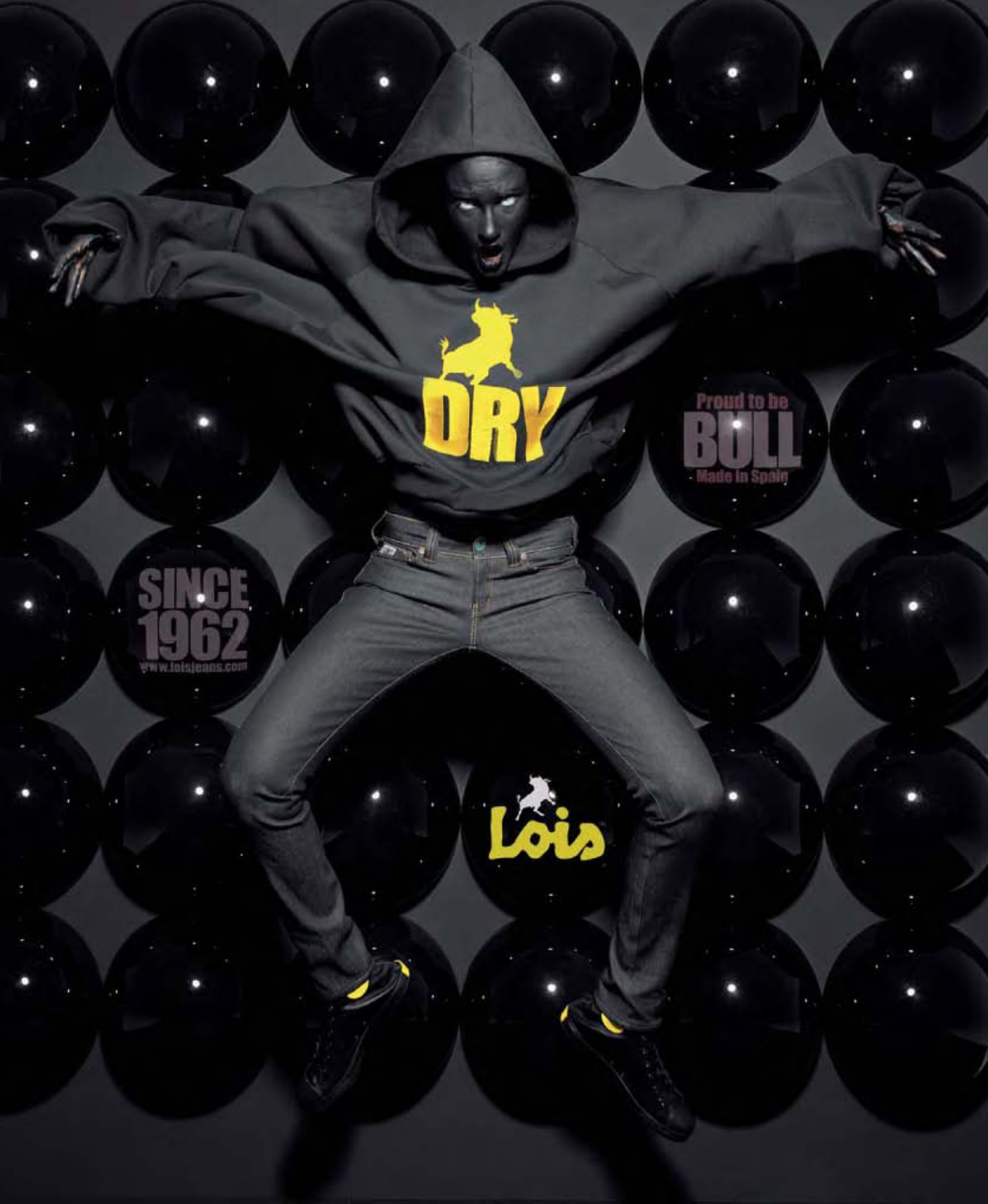
**BODY CUTTER**

If Canadian girls and fat chicks are going to cut themselves, there's nothing we can do to stop them. They want attention and they're going to get it even if they have to bite themselves. So, in the same spirit as free methadone programs, the people at Kabuki Shikoro have invented a safe and hygienic way to put little slits on your forearms where everyone can see them.



**PAKY ACCESSORIES**

East Indians weren't cool in the 80s when they first got here, but thanks to exciting Pakistanis like Ali G, Apache Indian, Panjabi-MC, MIA, Asian Dub Foundation, Cornershop, Talvin Singh, Firdaus Kanga, and Suroosh Alvi, it's finally becoming the kind of thing that makes people feel cool about their belts.



Check it out at [www.karmaloop.com](http://www.karmaloop.com)









# HELLO, OLD BOY! DO COME IN...



## Storytime at the Blarney Cove

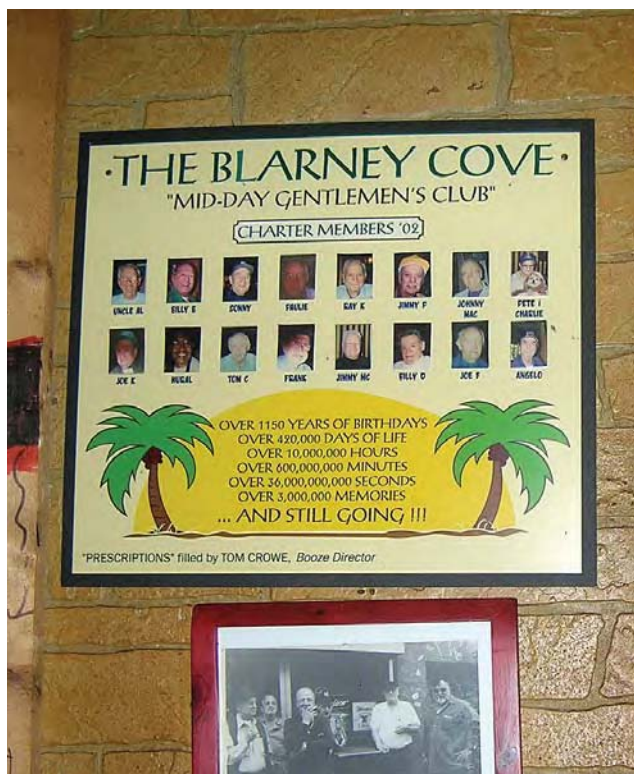
If you're ever looking to have your ear chewed off for hours at a time by someone pickled from a lifetime of drinking, may we kindly recommend the Blarney Cove on 14th Street near Avenue A in Manhattan. Like a grease trap that hasn't been cleared for 30 years, it's been building up layer after layer of patrons from each successive generation of New York drunks to the point where it's basically a living museum of how not to end up. We sat down with three of the regulars to see what stories they could pull off the tops of their heads.



**Jimmy**

I joined the Merchant Marines at 16, 'cause I figured they were going to start drafting at 17—there was talk

about that—and I figured I'd like the Merchant Marines better than the service. This was late '43. They put us in a 300-ship convoy crossing over to Antwerp, Belgium. I was a steward, 'cause the pay was good. We had a chief steward nobody liked. He was getting high all the time. He'd finish peeling the potatoes or chopping the onions, then he'd go out for a smoke, but he'd have a little bottle with him. He used to drink up all the extracts that we had onboard. He'd bring a bottle of Clorox onboard, but there was no Clorox in it—it was whiskey. One night one of the other stewards came up to me and said, "Hey, we're going to throw him off tonight when he goes out for a smoke." I thought the guy was just kidding, but sure enough he did. Tossed him overboard right in the middle of the Atlantic. The Navy had an investigation when we got to Antwerp, but you know, the sea was rough that night, and this guy's habits were well established, so nobody ever went down for it.



**Bobby**

Crabbing's good, I like that. We took my niece crabbing this one time, loaded up the trap for her with a chicken

for bait then tossed it out into the water. She pulls it back in a little while later and goes, "Mom, Mom, look, I caught a chicken!"



**Al**

Back in the day I looked like Bernie Goetz, and people came up to me and said, "Are you Bernie Goetz?" And I

was afraid of, like, white people—I don't like white people 'cause my big brothers are white people. You know what I'm talking about—white people with big faces that are white. So anyway, white people who are like—what do you call it like the kind of people who've got

the keys to the city? Republicans. They'd come up and want to shake my hand, and it kind of scared me. And at the same time, black people are like stepping on my feet, fucking with me. But they were like as distant to black as the Republican white people were distant to white in New York at that time. So white people and black people were fucking with me, and they were all trying to touch me, and it was like, totally weird. It pretty much came down to the suburban pieces of crap—city people were down home and knew where I was at, and the suburban people, black and white, it was separated suburb and city. Seriously, I'm not black, I'm not white—I'm urban. That was my experience. I think it was like a violent white thing and a violent black thing that was the same energy. Just all focused on me, and looking for a reaction. But we know what we know from Grandma and Grandpa. People are people. BARRY CROMP

## Hey, Tell Us About Your First Time



**Becky**

I fucked my best friend and it was so bad. He was in there for like one second. Barely anything. He stuck the tip in and started crying and went limp. Then he told me that the only reason I got with him was because I was "shallow and horny." If I'd wanted to be with someone strictly for sex, I would not have chosen him. He is impotent. Furthermore, if I were a shallow person, I would not have looked to him to boost my ego and make me look good. He had intimacy issues that I didn't know an 18-year-old boy was capable of having.



**Erik**

My first time was with this Dutch foreign exchange student who stayed with us over one summer when I was like 17. Actually she was the daughter of the CEO of the company my dad worked for, so it was kind of weird. We finally did it a couple weeks before she was supposed to leave, and were sitting on the bed afterward sort of vaguely talking about her going back to Europe and whether or not we should stay together. I said something to the effect of, "Well, nothing lasts forever," to impart my point and also trying to make it sound sort of doomy so that maybe we'd fuck again that night. She responded with, "One thing does—a ring," to which I said something nervous and noncommittal and my mind said, "AGGH!"



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# HELLO, OLD BOY! DO COME IN...



## Banned Books Blow

Civil liberties types love to yammer on and on about banned books—how they rob kids of great stories and stunt their intellectual growth, how reading them is a way of sticking it to the man, and so on and so fucking on. Then every September the American Library Association trots out their list of the 100 most banned/challenged books since 1990, and everyone clucks about how anyone could want to ban *Slaughterhouse Five*/*Tom Sawyer*/*The Stupids*.

But what strangely never seems to come up is how the other 90 percent of the books on the list are total shit. I mean, *The Anarchist Cookbook*? Oh no, some poor kid in Iowa will never have the chance to make a tennis ball bomb that doesn't work.

In all honesty, a quick glance down the ALA's top 20 makes a far more compelling case for censorship than anything any Christian fundamentalist or concerned parents group has ever come up with. Let's take a look at the highlights:



### Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark (#1)

Yeah, those drawings were pretty intense, but which story was your fave? What, having a hard time remembering?

Maybe that's because Alvin Schwartz spent more time filling the back pages with "anthropological" footnotes than making sure what went in the front wasn't completely bland and forgettable. At least Stephen Gammel's illustrations were actually pretty intense, which is way more than can be said for fucking *Goosebumps* (#14).



### Daddy's Roommate (#2)

In 1990, hack illustrator Michael Willhoite phoned in a 13-sentence picture book about how pleasant gay dads are, then sat back and began rehearsing his shock that anybody in Middle America could possibly take issue with his masterwork. Lesbian counterpart *Heather Has Two Mommies* (#11) followed the same recipe to success, but fortunately avoided suggesting to its readers "Gay means happy" as a viable retort to insults, which is tantamount to tattooing "BULLY ME" on the back of a kid's neck.



### The Chocolate War (#4)

Every bit as culpable for convincing sensitive, brooding types that merely attending private school constitutes some sort of emotional trauma as *Catcher in the Rye* (#13), the book that launched a thousand dickheads.



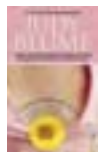
### Huckleberry Finn (#5)

As far as the n-bombs go, whatever, they at least offer an occasional diversion from how mind-bogglingly long and boring the rest of the book is. To this day I have never heard a satisfactory explanation for how the man considered America's foremost humorist could write for such huge stretches at a time without being even slightly funny.



### Harry Potter (#7)

Jesus, is there anything sadder than folks who say things like, "I know it's for kids, but it's really pretty well written." First off, it isn't. Second, it's about a ten-year-old fucking wizard. Past 12, you can be pretty sure you've dipped below a suitable reading level when *Dragonlance* would constitute a step up.



### Forever (#8)

If you've ever had a meal ruined because some dumpy girl wouldn't shut up about her misadventures in screwing, odds are about two to one you have Judy Blume to thank. There's nothing like a 40-year-old pseudo-feminist trying to dictate what makes a "healthy" attitude toward sexuality to fuck with generation after generation's concept of appropriate dinner convo.



### It's Perfectly Normal (#15)

Boomer liberals love to act all incredulous about who could possibly consider an illustrated sex-ed guide pornography. Um, try the 11-year-old boys it's aimed at. I once busted a nut to a diagram of a breast exam. Do you think a cartoon girl bending over in front of a mirror would have been somehow any more difficult?

T DAWG JONES

## Separated at Birth



That Israeli soldier who got kidnapped in Gaza.



Bill from Freaks and Geeks.

## Hey, Tell Us About Your First Time



### Sue

I used to be obsessed with this guy who I thought was sooooo hot. We

dated for a second, but then I went off to college. So, I'm like 18, I go home for spring break, and I go to a party at this house. The main tenant is this 35-year-old dude who wanted to date me when I was like 15, but I wouldn't 'cause he's pudgy and has a million acne scars. He is basically the captain of the punks in the area, and all of them hate me. I see the guy I'd dated and we start hooking up. I tell him I want to "do it," but his dick is so huge that it hurts and I start bleeding. Not a lot, but spotting. He's about to come when we hear the pudgy acne guy banging on the door. He pushes it open and takes all of my clothes and throws them in the hallway. He and three other dudes are yelling at me, calling me a slut, and telling me to get out of their house. When they finally left, I grabbed my clothes from the hallway and ran into the bathroom. I bled all over my underwear, this dark, dirty blood that I have never seen since. I ran down the stairs and drove my Escort home, drunk.



### Tyler

Me and this girl were dating and we both really wanted to lose it to each other. So we planned a night and everything, but she was really nervous. So beforehand she took a couple of swigs of a beer, "for strength."

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# HELLO, OLD BOY! DO COME IN...



## The First Annual Stories-About-Bums-Shitting-in-NYC Awards...

And the nominees are...

### FINANCIAL DISTRICT

I was down in the Financial District over by the Bowling Green stop and the American Indian Museum and saw this bum trying to get into that park down there. I think it's called Bowling Green Park? Anyway, he was arguing with these weird kind of security guards/cops that wear little red hats and watch the park all day. I couldn't figure out why they wouldn't let him in. All his friends were in there. Then I looked down and saw he had crapped his pants—dark, dark brown shit all the way down his pants. He had these light denim pants on and you could see the stain from miles away. He must have had the runs for hours.

CHRISTIAN FELIX

### AVENUE B

I was walking down the street and I had a bit of a buzz going so I was feeling vocal. When I saw a bum shitting in a telephone booth I said, "Oh that's nice. Very polite. That's just great," and he snapped at me, "If you don't like it you don't have to look!"

JAMES THOMSON

### CHELSEA

We were coming out of a restaurant and we all saw this woman taking a crap in between two parked cars. It was such a disgusting ending to a delicious

meal and we all started moaning and saying, "Jesus Christ," and stuff like that. She looks at us with this panic on her face and puts her hands in the air while she yells, "I'm s-a-a-a-rry. I'm s-a-a-a-rry. I'm s-a-a-a-rry," like she's Phyllis Diller or something.

SARAH EGAN

And the winner is...

### 6 TRAIN

I was on my way to work and it was about 9:30 in the morning. The train was still pretty busy and around 42nd Street this old bum kind of pushes through the doors and makes it in at the last minute. The center aisle is open but all the seats are taken. He looks like he's about to die. A real old bum. He starts groaning and then he drops trou, bends over, and has explosive diarrhea all over the train. It wasn't like a jet—it was more of an explosion. Like buckshot. Women were screaming. Everyone was yelling. One fancy Wall-Street type even got some on her face.

You'd think it would be pandemonium but everyone got pretty organized right away. They treated it like a bioterrorism attack or something. There were guys helping the Wall Street lady off the train and wiping the shit off. And there were guys carrying people. It was like 9-11. Really. In fact, I'd argue that the shit attack was more traumatizing.

KYLE DOUGLAS

## Hey, Tell Us About Your First Time

One beer! Not even the whole thing! She was 5'4". So we got it on, and after a while she got on top of me and started bucking for a couple minutes... I thought her eyes were rolling into the back of her head from pleasure at first, but then she passed out and fell off of me and the bed.



### Isaac

I lost mine to a girl when I was like 15 in the backseat of a car after

doing a bunch of drugs and alcohol. We were both virgins. Afterwards she leaned over me, smiled, and retched all over my shirt. I had to wash her off with a hose and hide her in my basement until she came to in the morning.



### Stephanie

A guy I had convinced to take my virginity and I were doing it

on a tennis court. It was his first time. He was 12. It was OK for a little while even though he kept falling out, and it didn't hurt for me, but it was a little tiring. He kept making me do different positions and shit. Suddenly he stopped and I asked, "What's wrong?" He started sniffing, pulled out, put his clothes on, and said, "I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. I should have thought about this with my head instead of my penis," and burst into tears. He cried all the way home and didn't talk to me for six months.

STEPHANIE FOO  
(YEP, THAT ONE'S ME)

# LEGENDS NEVER DIE



GLASGOW SLIP ON

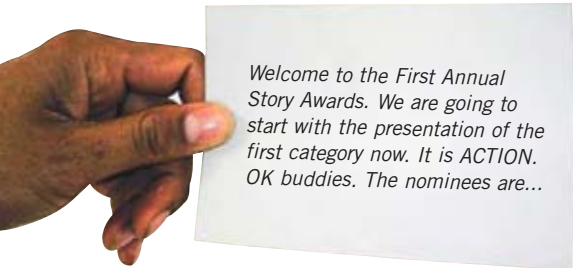






Jorge: Yves Saint Laurent shirt, Hugo Boss suit. See his story on page 101.

## The First Annual Story Awards Action!



### County Fair Beatdown

THIS MIGHT BE THE MOST INSANE thing I have ever seen with my own two eyes. We used to have this carnival in Kennedy Park in my town when we were growing up. There was this big rivalry between our town and the next town, South River, which is probably the case with every two towns in America. So there we were, hanging out, and right across this grass lot from us were these guys from this other town with one of our girls, hanging out. We didn't like that she was hanging out with them, and I'm sure it didn't help matters any when this one guy, her boyfriend as it turned out, stood up and backhanded her across the face in front of all of us. So, a bunch of us walk over to them, and words are exchanged.

My buddy Tommy, who is a brick shit-house now but back then was a little dude, walks right up to the guy who smacked her. He was enormous, but Tommy was a scrapper. He's like, "What the fuck are you doing?" and next thing you know the guy from South River pulls out a gun—it looked like a 9mm or something—and puts it right in Tommy's face. Mind you, this is a "county fair"-type carnival deal. There are cops everywhere. So the gun comes out, and you would think that a gong had gone off because somehow it seemed like the rides stopped, the music turned off, you could hear streetlights changing from red to green—it was that quiet. Everybody was like "Fuck," and in an instant—before the cops could react, before anybody could fucking fart—my buddy Tommy takes his left hand (the guy's got the gun in his right hand), puts it just below the guy's right shoulder, pulls the dude as close as he can without kissing him, and tucks the gun hand under his armpit. Then with his right hand, Tommy starts beating the piss out of him, just hauling off. By the third hit blood is coming out of the guy's nose, by the fourth his eye is lumped up and his knees collapse. Tommy lets go of the arm, grabs the pistol, and starts pistol-whipping this guy. My eyes are fixed on what's in front of me, so I didn't notice that there are police

now forming a perimeter around the fight. I look up and there are these cops with their hands on their hips just staring, watching it all go down. He's beating him with the fucking gun, and when the guy looked like he was unconscious, one of the cops was like, "All right, Tommy, that's enough. We're gonna arrest him now." So they pick up this guy's passed-out body, put cuffs on him, and throw him in the back of the car.

To see a dude disarm somebody like that—I've tried to do it, to demonstrate to people, and I can't even do it without them holding a weapon. And Tommy was so nonchalant afterwards, we went back in the woods and we all had some beers. He's great. I moved to California, but once I came home and went to a Pantera show. I hadn't seen Tommy in a long time, and suddenly I just see this big ass dude pummel some other big dude right in the middle of the pit. One punch, lays him out cold. Then the big guy starts coming toward me, and I'm like, "Oh my fucking god, I'm not even in the pit, I don't even want to spill my beer," and it's Tommy. He's like "Hey, Chris, long time no see. How you been?" CHRIS NIERATKO

### I Got Shot

I WAS A 13-YEAR-OLD, KIND OF NEW-wave skater kid with a Tony Hawk hairdo living in Kansas City and trying to score pot. It was almost impossible back then and one of the few people that had it was Greg Grefauk. He was also 13 but the thing about 13 is, it's a weird age. There's 13-year-olds who look like janitors. They've got a mustache and a car. And then there's 13-year-olds who look like they're 8. I was the latter. He was the former.

So after trying to get pot all over Kansas City, I had to resort to Greg. He gave out pot for free, but it was still expensive in a way because you had to hang out with him—all night. Me and my friends went to his house and he made us listen to metal for hours and hours. I hated metal back then. I guess I still do. As the night wore on my friends started dropping like flies. I didn't have a curfew so I could stay there all night if I wanted. He didn't have a curfew either. In fact, his mother wasn't even home. She was in Hawaii partying. She was rich because she divorced some rich guy, but she was as white trash as white trash gets. Greg and his mother lived in a huge, six-bedroom McMansion, but there was no furniture in it. Crap was piled everywhere. About the only decoration in the house was some wallpaper in Greg's room made of old Marlboro cartons. He was proud of how many cigarettes he smoked.

At around 5 AM Greg put in this Iron Maiden VHS tape and turned up the volume as loud as it could go. It was like he was trying to torture me to see what my limits were. Like when a newly adopted kid is bad so he can see if his new parents are really in it for the long haul. I braved out the tape and after half an hour or so Greg suggested we go out and hunt rabbits. I said sure. Free pot had to be just around the corner. I had paid my dues.

He picked up his stepfather's .22 and started waving it around the room. I wasn't too worried about it and went to the bathroom to take a piss. When I came out of the bathroom he shot me. BANG! I remember seeing his face go really pale and realizing I had been thrown up against the bathroom door and was now sitting on the floor. The bullet had entered my side, punctured my liver and kidneys, ricocheted around my ribs, and got stuck halfway out my back. Like, if you looked at my back you would have seen the tip of a bullet sticking out. When I looked down at my shirt I saw this enormous red stain that was growing way too fast. It is impossible to convey the kind of fear I was feeling at the time. Pure terror.

You see, most people have a library of references if something happens to them. If they burn their finger they go, "Oh yeah, a burn," and go put it in water or whatever. I didn't have references for this experience. All I knew about being shot was what I saw in Rambo movies and that was: You die. I was going to die. These were my last moments on earth. One thing people in movies don't do when they're shot is stand up and start screaming, "YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE! WHAT THE FUCK HAVE YOU DONE!?" But I did. He kept repeating, "Dude, I'm sorry. Don't sue me." That's what he kept repeating, "Dude, don't sue me." I didn't mind the suing thing so much as the word "dude." This was back before everybody in the world said "dude" and it just fucking annoyed the shit out of me.

I ran around the house ranting and raving for about two minutes until the pain hit me. It's difficult to describe the pain. Just imagine the worst cramp anyone ever had times 1,000. It was literally crippling, so I lay in the fetal position and told Greg to call 911. That's a tape I'd like to hear. He said, "Hey, man. I think... I think my friend got shot." And I yelled, "No you fucking asshole. Tell them YOU shot me." And he said, "Yeah. I guess I shot my friend." Neither of us cried once during this whole thing. I remember I was wearing a "Boys Don't Cry" shirt at the time.



Greg picked me up (remember, he was one of those grown-man 13-year-olds) and carried me out to the lawn. This was summer in Kansas City and the sky was just breathtaking. I lay on my back looking at the stars, bleeding to death, and I started to pray to Jesus. I was an atheist at the time and gave my mother no end of grief about Christianity, but that night I prayed and prayed to Jesus and begged him to let me live. Then I had a life-changing experience. You know how they say your whole life flashes before your eyes? It does. When I closed my eyes I saw my whole life being projected inside a cylinder. There was audio coming out either side playing sound bites that related to the images. It started at my most recent memory, being at the skate park on my 12th birthday, and it went chronologically backward toward my birth. As the video unraveled it was moving toward a bright white light that I was also heading toward. All those clichés are true.

The next thing I remember was being startled out of this dream state by a paramedic. I opened my eyes and said, “Am I going to die?” and they said, “I don’t know.” Aren’t they supposed to tell you everything’s going to be all right? I started panicking again as they put me in the ambulance and asked me if I could move my toes and all that. When we got to the hospital, I asked them if the Kansas City Royals had won and then blacked out. They did exploratory surgery and stopped the bleeding and that was it. Apparently organs heal themselves, so if you can stop the bleeding everything else will take care of itself. When I woke up this real slick tough-guy black dude came over and said, “Wassup Jeff. I’m the surgeon that stitched you up.” I said, “Thanks for saving my life,” and he said, “Cool.” Then he said, “I need to talk to you about something,” and went into this huge lecture about “the pot.” He told me how he was a child of the 60s and he’d been there and seen what it can do to people and if I don’t stop going down the pot route I’m never going to do anything with my life. Fine, I won’t smoke pot anymore.

Greg came to visit me a few days later (I was in the hospital for weeks). I had a catheter in my penis that they put in the second I arrived. That was potentially more traumatizing than being shot. They also had a huge green tube that they stuck up my nose and into my stomach. It was pumping bile from my stomach nonstop. So Greg comes up to my bed and he’s freaking out, saying, “Dude, I don’t know what to say, dude. Please don’t hate me, dude,” and he gives me a letter and walks out of the room. I wish I still had that letter. It had the grammar and spelling of a kindergarten project. And the worst part was he fucking spelled “dude” wrong. It said, “Dued.”

This was about the only word he knew how to say and he couldn’t even spell it. The letter said something like, “Dued. I am so sarry. Dued. Don’t hate me dued. Dued. I don’t know wut to say. Dued.” Hilarious.

Just before I was finally ready to leave the hospital, my mom came into the room and said we had to go over some insurance policy offers. I was like, “What? I get money because some idiot shot me?” Apparently if something like this happens in a person’s home, you can get their home insurance policy to pay you money. They had offers like a lump sum of \$200,000 or how about \$800 a month for the rest of your life? I chose money for life and \$5,000 cash. My parents didn’t let me spend the five grand until I was 21, but I’m 33 now and I still get that check every month. In a way it’s a curse because it totally robbed me of any ambition, but fuck it. I know people with really shitty jobs and it sure beats having a shitty job. I’m glad I got shot.

JEFF JENSEN

Redneck Ambush

THIS WAS IN FLORIDA IN LIKE 1983. IT was me and a few fellow metalhead kids riding around, smoking weed, and blasting music. *Kill ‘Em All* had just come out and we were going fucking crazy for it.

So this truck, like a huge redneck race truck, pulls up alongside us and flicks off our whole car full of dudes. We were like, “Fuck that motherfucker!” and took off following him. We were speeding through the woods for a while, fully in a car chase. All of a sudden, he takes a sharp left and we come up right behind him and it was fucking insane: Two rows of about twelve more of these huge redneck race trucks each, all lined up. It was a full-on bonfire kegger in the woods. There was country music blasting, tons of dudes, and a bunch of their chicks. We were fucking dead, basically.

First thing, one of these guys runs up, reaches right into the driver’s window, and pulls the keys out of the ignition. There are five of us in that car and I’m sitting bitch in the backseat. All of these rednecks are standing around our car just laughing and cracking their knuckles. So they start taking turns running up, popping the driver or the passenger in the face, then stepping back. It was like having a pack of hyenas come at us. I’m watching all my friends get pulled out of the car one by one and get the living shit beaten out of them. Like, really serious beatings. The driver gets sucked out through his window, BANG. The passenger-seat guy goes, BANG. And they’re kicking and screaming as they go, too. It was like something out of a horror movie. My friends were all pretty big, but there

were just too many of these guys.

So they open the backdoors and the guy to my left gets yanked out and they start on him. Then the guy to the right and they start on him. At that point the first wave of punches started to hit me and I was really ready to be unconscious in a few minutes. Like, I was just hoping I would get knocked out fast. But then this one redneck chick puts her head in the car and was like, “You better get the FUCK out of here right now, kid!” I think I was small enough that she took pity on me. I was only like 12 years old at the time.

She was like, “Run, motherfucker! Run!” I jumped out of the car and there was this weird moment where I was thinking, “Should I stay and try to help these guys?” But then I realized, “No way! What the hell am I gonna do against 20 huge Florida rednecks?” So I booked. Right before I ran, I saw this especially big redneck guy who was holding a fucking shotgun run up and grab my friend JP, who had been riding next to me. He was like, “I’m gonna take care of this motherfucker myself!” He ran JP over to his pickup truck, threw him in the bed, jumped in, and peeled off. In my mind, I was like, “Jesus Christ, he’s gonna kill him!” So yeah, I ran.

A few hours later when I was walking down the main road, I saw one of the guys from my car wandering around all bloody and totally dazed. He could barely talk—he was in shock. We walked a few miles to a gas station and called the cops. They went right out there. A couple of our friends were fucked up really, really bad. One of them was in the hospital for weeks.

But remember the dude who got thrown in the back of the pickup and driven off to die? Turns out that redneck had played soccer with my friend when they were kids. He recognized him and pulled him out of there. They had been friends as little kids, just one dude went the redneck route and one dude went the metalhead route. He drove him back to town and was like, “Look, man, I’m sorry.”

TREVOR SILMSER

I Lost My Fingers

THIS HAPPENED ON SEPTEMBER 11, 1998. I was in Boston. It was a friend of mine’s birthday, so we had a party for him at another friend’s apartment. At about three in the morning I was crossing through a very clubby district of Boston. Bars in Boston close at about 2 AM, so there were just hundreds of people on the street. This area also happens to be right next to Fenway Park, so it’s kind of like the epicenter of all the really crap nightlife in Boston. The moment we got into this element, there was this car with



PHOTOGRAPH: MINE PISCITELLI



## Action!

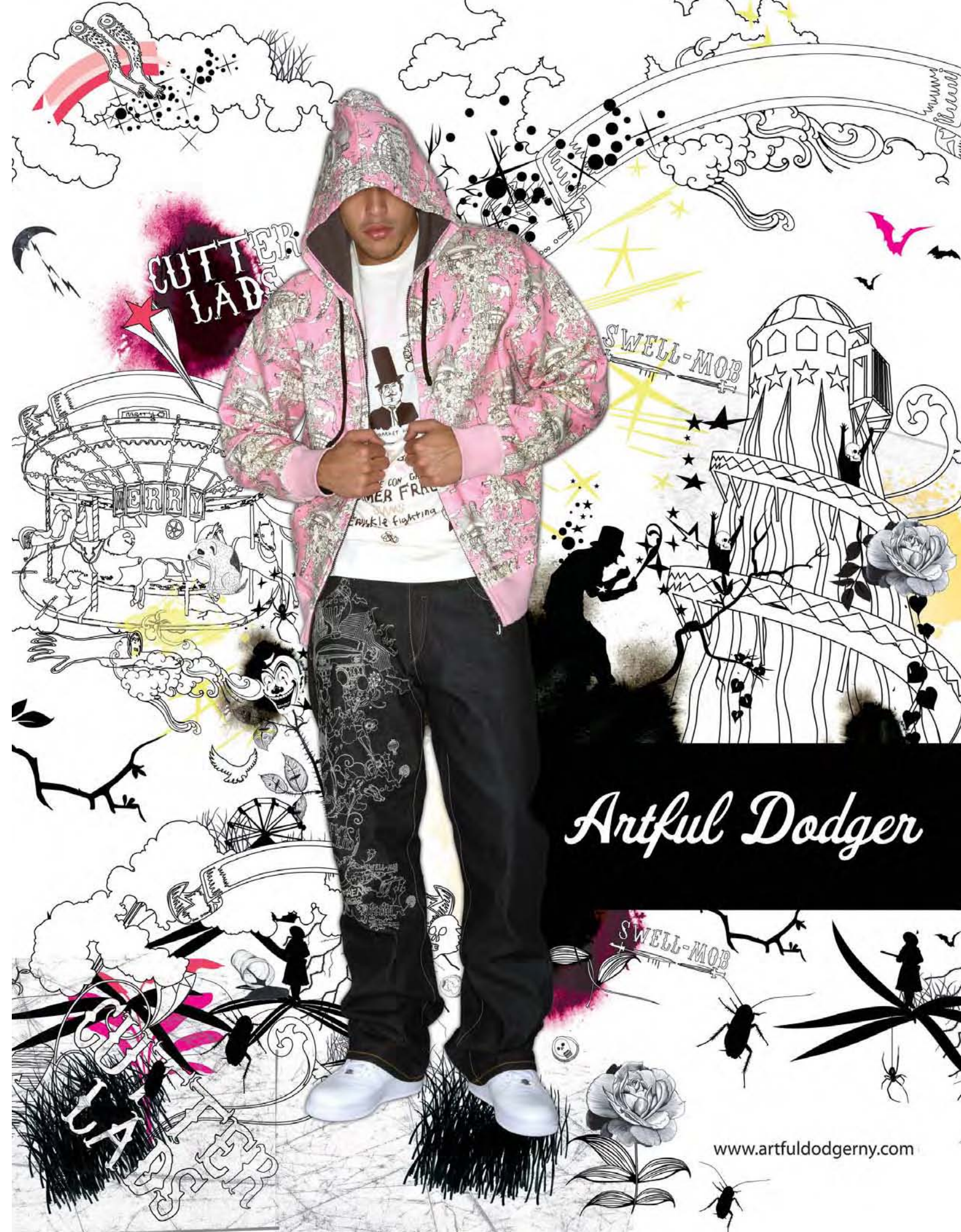
one young Vietnamese guy, who was about 17, and then the other two passengers were in their mid-to-late 20s or something. It was these three kids who were all from the same area of town, all Vietnamese, all first-generation refugees. They drove by us, and my friend that I was walking with, Ryan Bernstein, has this really big Jew afro, like Mitch Mitchell from the Jimi Hendrix Experience. It all started as simple as that: We were walking across this bridge, we got into this area, our paths just converged with this car that was cruising, and the guys had the windows down and were just heckling my friend's hair. So we were kind of all like, "Fuck you too," and the car kept moving. It was moving a little faster than we were, cause we were walking with throngs of people. But the car kept circling back. The second time it was the same thing as the first, "Nice fucking hair, faggot," or whatever. I don't know if we could even understand what they were saying, because they were first-generation Vietnamese immigrants, but we were always kind of there to rebut, "Fuck you, too," and "Suck a dick." It was just like throwing words around—I don't think our intentions in the matter were nearly as aggressive as theirs. Nobody in our group was really expecting a scuffle. So the third time they came around we'd gotten to this area where the sidewalk kind of opened up, and my friends were about half a block in front of me. There were four of us in pairs—two of my friends were in front, and then me and my friend Leigh were in the back. When

the guys came around, I guess because they saw me first, or maybe because I was kind of the leader in our call-and-response game with these dudes, they just slowed the car down to ride alongside me for like ten seconds. So we immediately went back to catcalling each other, and then the door opened and this kid got out from the far side of the car with what looked like a tiny billyclub.

What it was, though, was a small samurai sword, like the kind you always see in head shops, but all wrapped up in a garbage bag or something. The kid was tiny—at the time I was 21 years old, and he was 17 and small. I think he probably would have come up to my chin or something, which is a pretty substantial difference. So he got out of the car, I saw the club, but again because it was wrapped in a perfectly tailored garbage bag when he started coming at me I wasn't worried. I mean, had this guy gotten out with a really shiny knife, I would have fucking high-tailed it. I wasn't that married to this confrontation, I was just kind of like, "Little guy, little club." I was clearly liquored up, I'd had a really good time, and I was just walking with my buddy whose birthday it was, and that's about all I remember.

I've deduced from my injuries what I think happened: The kid came at me, and the first thing that happened was that he went to swing the thing and I went to grab it. It was then that I lost the pointer finger and half of the middle finger on my left hand. It must have just gone right through my fist, or maybe my hand was

open because I was trying to grab his hand, but it just went right through, and I don't really remember how. After that I was definitely awarded a huge scar across my stomach, and then one on my back. To give the guy a little bit of credit, he really nailed all of my vital spots. He got me right across the stomach and didn't go any deeper than the slice of massive fat that I carry around with me, so it didn't really get into my gut. But he also got me right across the top of my elbow on my right arm, in other words right across that big vein that runs down your arm. The moment the scuffle started, my other two friends came running back pretty fast. I think we were probably tussling around for half a minute before we got pulled apart by either my friends or just other people on the street. And the moment we got displaced from each other, these guys jumped right back in their car. Then I'm kind of standing on the side of the road, and I was wearing a white t-shirt and blue jeans, and I remember looking down at my chest and it was as if a giant Bozo the Clown or a giant whore with bright red lips had just kissed my stomach. From the bottom of my lungs all the way down to my belt was bright red. I didn't even feel any injury. I lifted up my shirt and saw my stomach, which was cut open. It was really nasty and at that point the only injury that I had noticed. Then my friend, who I think actually had literally just finished clocking the fellow, he turns around and goes, "Morgan, your fingers," and just passes out. He just fell. I remember he was kind of standing by the car, still ready





## Action!

to fight the guys who were getting in the car. They were getting in and he was really contemplating punching through the glass, that kind of stance, and he turned around—and he was a pretty big guy, he was from Philadelphia—and he saw my hand, which, to recap, was clearly missing two fingers and squirting blood out of it, and he just went, “Morgan, your fingers,” and fell over. It was very cinematic. I looked down at my hand, then I brought it up to like waist-high and saw the two fingers gone. Then I kind of shifted focus and I don’t know how much moving around I had done, but on the ground I saw one of my fingers. At the time it was a little weird, because my father grew up in Cynthiana, Kentucky, so in the summers they would harvest tobacco crops. When you harvest tobacco, you pull it out of the earth and then two people, I’m sure they have a machine for it now, but two people would hold the stalk and the leaf, and you take turns cutting right through the stalk. You just hold it between yourselves and the person with the machete or whatever just cuts the stalk off. It’s a big plant, but there is a lot of room for error. In the case of my dad, his friend cut his finger off. When this happened to him he was a boy, like 13 years old. He only told me the story because I saw the scar on his finger when I was younger. I remember being really terrified and asking him, “What did they do?” because the finger is now back on his hand. He said, “Well, I went to the hospital and they put my finger back on.” He told me that he was out of the hospital in a day. So when I saw my finger on the ground I just immediately recalled that memory and kept thinking to myself, “I gotta get to a hospital, I’ll be there for two days, I’ll get out, I’ll be fine.” I just immediately presumed that fingers are off, no big deal—happened to my dad, runs in the family. I’ll go get my fingers put back on, and then I’ll be out of the hospital in a day.

What I didn’t realize is that the guy cut mine off right at the fucking knuckle. It’s a much different cut if you cut it at the knuckle, for obvious reasons—it’s a joint in your hand. So instead of getting my finger put back on, what they had to do was fuse the bone back together. What I have now is like two sticks shooting out from my hand, so I can’t bend either of those fingers at the joints in the middle of the finger. And my proper knuckle, the boxing knuckle, I have movement there. So in other words I can make an L with them, but I can’t bend them to make a nice C.

The kid who did it ended up getting five years, which is pretty lame. I mean he was clearly out for blood.  
MORGAN LEBUS

## Motorcyclist Goes Flying

IT WAS SUMMER. I HAD JUST GOTTEN my driver’s license. I was not cocky—I was safe. But when it was my night to borrow my mom’s Cutlass Supreme coupe and pile my friends inside so they could smoke one-hitters of mediocre weed and mock everyone who lived in my city, I dutifully responded to the challenge.

We made our way down Water Street. It was lined with college bars and, so as not to betray the Middle American cliché, a McDonald’s whose parking lot played host to assorted jocks, punks, and heshers from the three local high schools (two public, one parochial). Only in my city we did not call them “heshers.” We called them “grubs.” Many of these grubs had painstakingly restored muscle cars, on whose hoods they would sit. Many of the jocks, in a cruel bit of irony or possibly a glimpse into the future, drove parental-looking, reliable, responsible cars on whose hoods they would not sit.

We had nothing to do in the Cutlass. No real desire to stop at the McDonald’s, which, by the way, shared a second parking lot with a Taco John’s. Both lots were swollen with kids, but we of course felt superior, so we kept passing by, joking with one another. My friends kept smoking weed. I was the driver and a good kid, so I did not.

We were in the lane opposite the McDonald’s. This meant you had to make a left turn across traffic to enter the parking lot, which is what one guy in a black Ford pickup truck wanted to do. It was hot outside and he had a medium-size black lab panting away in the back. A deadhead might point out that the dog was grinning. There were cars coming in the other direction, so the pickup-truck guy had to wait.

But I did not know that.

In between him and us there was a stocky guy, maybe 25 years old, a weightlifting shlub on a nondescript Kawasaki. The kind of motorcycle your dad might have ridden if he were the type of lawyer who did not wear an earring but just loved fresh air. A starter motorcycle. Again, I did not know that.

What I did know: That we were in plain view of about 344 kids in the parking lot. What else I knew: That I was telling my friends something extremely hilarious. What I didn’t know: That all 334 kids in the parking lot were watching as the pickup truck slowed to a stop and as the motorcycle slowed to a stop. What I learned: That if you’re doing 28 mph, you can slow it down to about 7 mph—if all of your friends suddenly realize that no one in your car is paying attention to the traffic ahead of you, that is—before you make contact with whatever

is in front of you.

Whatever was in front of me was the stocky guy on the motorcycle. I hit him. Or the cycle—the back wheel. I’d seen too many movies, read too many newspapers. I immediately saw myself in a suit in a courtroom, in prison until I was 67. I was fucking bummed. I heard a crazy murmur from the parking lot, the simultaneous gasp of 344 people. Then I saw the stocky guy launched into the sky, arms paddling. I saw the black lab looking up at him, inching to the right then inching to the left repeatedly, not knowing which way to go. Which way would get him the hell out of the way of this flying stocky fucker.

My friends of course resorted to laughter. And also, “Jesus, you fucking idiot.”

Then the guy landed—on his feet—in the bed of the pickup truck. Like some Flying Wallendas routine. The dog wagging its tail, circling around him. Then off came the guy’s helmet. He was fine, but angry. He had an overgrown blonde crew-cut which made him look like Udo, the singer from Accept. He did a little rodeo leap out of the truck bed and bolted towards my car.

My friend Lieberman, in his best Chevy Chase imitation: “Roll ‘em up.”

Udo pounded on the hood of my car with two balled fists. The parking lot erupted in laughter. Cars stopped in both directions. I was praying for the cops to show.

My friend Lieberman: “Let’s get the hell out of here.”

Me, mouthing to Udo through the windshield: “My fault.”

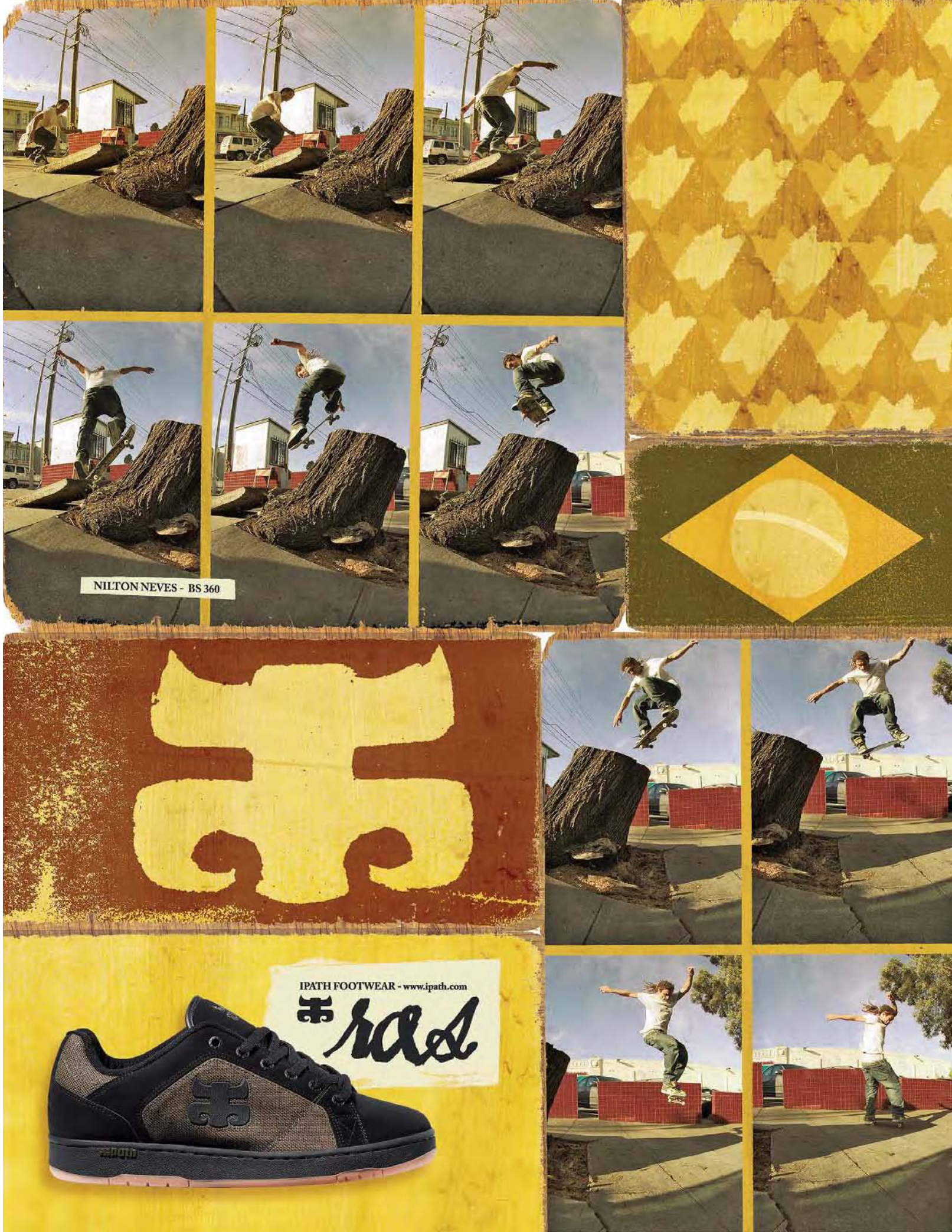
The whole world: “No shit.”

Soon enough the cops came. Udo did not fake an injury, so I did not get sued. I got a citation for inattentive driving. My mom’s car was fine, except that her front license plate was mangled in the accordion that was the guy’s motorcycle. I was back driving again within a couple of weeks. Which was a horrible decision.  
JEFF JOHNSON

*Aaaah. Good stuff guys. You make us laugh so hard we cry with your crazy action stories. Good stuff. OK, let’s open the envelope to see who winner is. Ready? Oh my, the winner is... the guy who saw Jesus!*

## WINNER: I GOT SHOT

Jeff Jensen: “You know what? I deserve this! When you consider all those wussies in Iraq with their missing limbs—I mean, anyone can join the Army. And those inner-city kids who get shot dealing drugs or getting up to mischief? I think we’re all bored of that. So, yeah, I can see why my story would resonate so strongly with the judges. It’s a great story. But thanks!”



NILTON NEVES - BS 360

IPATH FOOTWEAR - www.ipath.com

**rad**







Raul: Sacque suit, Pierre Cardin shirt. See his story on page 101.

## The First Annual Story Awards WTF?!?

Hey everybody. Let's keep this party going, right? The next category is for crazy funny stories. It's called the "What the fuck?!?" Story. The nominees are...

### Bikini Coinkydink

WHEN I BROKE UP WITH MY BOYFRIEND I was left tenderhearted and frail. He cheated on me with some fat bitch and it seemed as though our relationship had run its course. On the upside, I had lost so much weight that my favorite bikini now fit me. I had gotten it on ebay and it was a 1970s dead-stock, low-waisted, faded, flowery showstopper. Seriously, it was like God's bikini, sent down to me by eBay angels all for the delightful price of \$9.99. However, I hadn't just lost a few pounds, but a significant amount of weight. I really loved this guy, you know? I took my bikini to my favorite tailor and asked him to put new elastic around the waist. He told me to wait a fortnight and it would be done and that would be that.

So two weeks later or whatever a fortnight is, I went back to the tailor, who told me, "Uh, oh. The piece was so small we thought it was garbage. I'm so sorry. We threw it away." WHAT? They threw my bathing suit away, which is a story in itself, but not THE story. I know a lot of people out there reading this don't give a shit about vintage 70s bikinis, but for a fashionable lady such as myself, it's pretty major. I didn't cry that day in the shop, but clearly you can understand how this was a tears-worthy situation. In all my sadness and grief I went about blaming the fat bitch whom my ex had fucked and cursed her for starting this whole mess in the first place.

So I turned back to my beloved, trustworthy companion eBay, checking relentlessly every day for another 70s dead-stock bikini. Weirdly enough, I found one! It was just like my old one and with one day left, I was the only bidder. I won that bitch and again, it only cost me \$9.99. I paid for it and got an invoice from the seller who had written in the email, "I see that you live in New York. If you want to save on shipping, I would gladly meet up with you." That worked for me so I decided to meet up with the seller on a Friday, right across the street from my apartment.

The fateful day came and the seller was late. I was waiting and waiting and decided to run back into my apartment to get a cigarette. As soon as I crossed the street, I saw the whore who had fucked my ex walking towards me. I squinted at her, acknowledging her presence but not offering a hello by any means, when to my surprise, she waved.

Dumbstruck, I looked behind me to make sure it was actually me she was waving at. She approached me with confidence and I didn't exactly know how to respond. She was smiling. Then she goes, "Are you buying a bathing suit from me?"

"You?" I said. I couldn't believe it. She was the seller of the perfect 70s dead-stock bikini I had so sought after. "Yup." After a few minutes of meaningless chitchat, I ran upstairs to try on the suit. It was exactly like the old one, but this time it wasn't too big. It fit me perfectly. I called my ex immediately, I had to tell him. It was the OMG heard round the world.

LESLEY ARFIN

### I Told My Friend He Had AIDS

I MAKE MY LIVING BEING A TOTAL fucking asshole. It makes me feel bad sometimes but it sure beats the shit out of selling wheelchairs to old people on the phone. I live with my roommate and we have a show in Canada where we compete against each other. Some of you may have heard of it. It's called *Kenny vs. Spenny*.

Basically the show is me and my idiot roommate, who looks like Jar Jar Binks with Down syndrome, competing in fucked-up competitions. Shit like: Who can gain the most weight in a week? Who can make out with the most chicks and drink the most beer before puking?

One of the shows that we did last season was hailed in Canada as the meanest, biggest asshole prank ever blitzkrieged on a loved one. My pal Spencer (Spenny) and I wanted to see, once and for all, who was funnier. So we decided that we were both going to take a week to practice for a stand-up comedy competition and perform in front of a huge comedy guru and let him decide who is the funniest stand-up comedian (like it's any fucking contest).

I follow the tenets of Sun Tzu's *Art of War*, i.e. "Totally crush and destroy your enemy from within." In Canada, it is mandatory for the Ministry of Health to inform you if you have had sex with a person who has tested positive for the HIV virus. They actually mail out these letters. Could you imagine getting one of these letters? Spenny can.

It's so easy to forge high-quality counterfeit documentation. I went to the

Ministry of Health website, popped their logo on the top of a Word document, and then wrote a letter to Mr. Spencer Nolan Rice informing him that he was going to die of AIDS. I made sure he got it right in the middle of his preparation for the competition. After he got it in the mail, he actually puked.

Forgetting about the competition, Spenny tearfully confided in me that there was a chance he had AIDS (I didn't know, remember? He got this letter from the government). Being the wonderful friend that I am, I pretended to drop everything and arranged for grief counseling, blood tests, insurance plans, the writing of his will, and all the other shit that most people would do if they thought they were dying.

Spenny's week prior to the competition consisted of many golden moments. Casually calling girls he'd fucked trying to find out if they were the one with HIV. He gave me a few of his favorite belongings and paid me back some of the cash he's owed me over the years.

The good news is a blood test takes seven to ten days to come back—in this case well after the competition ended. One of the AIDS counselors I set him up with, whose name was actually Gaylord (I swear to God), told Spenny that the best thing he could do would be to go on with his life, so Spenny decided to go on with the competition.

I actually got scared for a minute because nothing is funnier than a totally depressed, pathetic comedian, but then I remembered we're dealing with fucking Spenny over here.

We get to the comedy club and Spenny goes first, gets onstage, and starts his bit. A few jokes in, it appeared like the whole depression thing was working for him. But all of a sudden he fucking freezes and tells the audience about the letter that says he might have AIDS and walks off the stage. It was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in my life. Pure platinum. He broke down and almost started crying.

I ended up giving the judge a copy of the letter I sent Spenny and he gave me the win for unleashing such a devious plan on my best friend.

I did feel a little bad for doing it because I had to be with him on suicide watch and it's a lot of effort to take care of a pal with pretend AIDS. His mother almost had a fucking coronary, but she's a bit of a bitch anyways. The funny thing is, when he found out I totally faked the whole thing, he was so happy that he didn't have HIV that to this day there's been no retribution. KENNY HOTZ





### Phil Spector And His Gun

I LIVED IN LOS ANGELES FOR A WHILE IN the late 80s. Lots of drinking, lots of working at a video store. I got to wait on Charo, Nancy Sinatra, and Sammy Davis, Jr. So this friend of mine's mom, the one friend I made while living there, was dating Phil Spector at the time. They had told me stories of how he would never show up before 11 PM, always kept the limo running outside, and had this bodyguard who carried an old-school doctor's bag with guns and handcuffs in it. Just in case.

So one night my friend and I come back to his mom's house. We're pretty drunk and as we pull up we see the fabled running limo. I'm all psyched because I finally get to meet Phil Spector. We come walking into the house and his mom is a little tipsy, which is weird cause she never drank. She is real gregarious, all, "Come in, come in! Say hi to Phil." We walk out to the back porch and as I step through the door, I look to my right and there is this little tiny elf dude with a bad Vinnie Barbarino haircut wearing Oakley Blades and an ill-fitting suit sitting on the couch. I remember thinking, "Dude, *that's* Phil Spector?!" He looks up and the mom goes, "Phil you know my kids, and this is their friend Dan." His face barely moves, he says nothing and just slowly slides his right hand into the left side of his suit jacket like he is reaching for something in his upper pocket. I say hello and he just stares at me through his Blades and does not say a word. Everyone is kind of quiet and we excuse ourselves and walk to the kitchen. I'm thinking, "That was weird." I didn't really realize what he was doing. A few minutes later one of the other guests comes into the kitchen saying, "Sorry about that—Phil is being a little sensitive tonight." Then we hear all this arguing from the porch and finally we hear Phil yell, "What am I supposed to do? Just sit there while this guy looks at me going, 'Nice to meet you, you piece of shit!' Well fuck that..." and so on. My friend says, "Um, let's go," and he drives me home. Later it dawned on me that when he reached into his coat, he was going for his gun. It's funny because I didn't realize till ten years after the fact. Phil Spector almost pulled a gun on me.

DAN MONICK

### Gremlin From Dublin

A FRIEND OF MINE FROM A BAND IN Dublin told me this story. A friend of a friend of theirs in Dublin had been on an acid bender for a few days and called his pal at work and was very excited. He was convinced he had found a gremlin. He rang his friend and very excitedly told him, "I've got a gremlin for ya," and said he had it at



his friend's house, so when he came home, he could see it. The guy was like, "Awesome," you know, as you'd react if someone told you he had a gremlin at your house. I don't think he really knew what to expect. Anyway, he got home and his friend was still tripping out of his head and there in his kitchen was a small Down syndrome child about 10 to 12 years of age. That's what the gremlin was. Apparently he found him in a shopping mall and brought the terrified child back to the house. Now the guy's up on kidnapping charges, but he'll get off if he claims insanity, because to him it wasn't actually a child, it was a gremlin. In his mind, it was a gremlin. He can plead insanity because he was in no state to realize what he was doing. The guy hadn't slept in a hundred hours.

JACK STEEL

### Sting's House

I WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL WITH Sting's oldest son. When we graduated, I went to London and stayed with him at his mom's house, which was the house that Sting bought when he first got rich, you know what I mean? A pretty sweet spot. Anyway, we also went to Sting's house. I think it was in a town called Wiltshire, and the house itself was called Lake House. We went out there to record some songs with Sting's producer, but first we went into London and picked up about 15 hits of acid. They were all different kinds of acid.

Then we got on a train and went back to the house, which is a 15th-century castle. I got to stay in the room that Elton John stays in, that was my room. We started dropping acid the second we got there and didn't stop until we left. We were going to take his Hummer to Stonehenge, but we were too fucked up to drive so we rode bikes. I rode Sting's bike and I wore his jacket. We rode out and fed the cows, and got to Stonehenge around sunset. We were watching Stonehenge spin around and one of the security guards asked where we were

from. I said we were staying at Lake House and that was code for letting us hang out, even though we were obviously tripping. We got back and went into Sting's basement and started going through all his shit. We found a pair of stilts and a copy of *Spinal Tap*. We stayed up all night and I fed ice cream to his cat. Then the sun came up and I went with my girlfriend to the pool and ended up ejaculating in Sting's swimming pool. Later that day I stole Sting's silver pen that he kept on the piano. I don't know if he wrote songs with it or what, but it was a really nice pen. I don't know why I stole it.

The night before I left for England I met John Spencer and told him I was going to Sting's house. He said, "Fuck Sting. Take a shit on Sting's piano for me." So when I came in his pool and stole his pen, I thought about that. Anyway, I had the pen and I was back in Baltimore showing someone that I had Sting's pen. This girl freaked out and told me it was a horrible thing to do, and now I was cursed for stealing it. Two weeks later my house burned down with the pen in it. That's why I don't have the pen anymore. I don't know, Sting's into some heavy weirdness, you know? Like you can't be Sting and not be weird.

ANDY MCCLEOD

*That was some crazy shit, man! You make me crazy with that shit. Envelope please. OK, the winner is... the AIDS one!!!*

### WINNER: I TOLD MY FRIEND HE HAD AIDS

Kenny Hotz: "I am so honored to accept this prestigious Story Award in my hand. I'd like to thank God for not existing, my mother for not being a lezbo, and of course Spenny, who to me is not only Jar Jar Binks with Down syndrome but a shining example of how the good people in the world need to be crushed and publicly humiliated. I'd also like to thank my fans—without you, I'd be going to hell alone! Thank you so very much."

Ambiguous







Luis: Hugo Boss suit, Dee Cee shirt, Welsh MFG Co. glasses, Black Sheep and Prodigal Sons pin. See his story on page 103.

## The First Annual Story Awards True Crime

*Crime is the drama that makes all our lives beat like our hearts do in our chests. The next category is True Crime. The nominees are...*

### I Got Conned By The Black Keyser Soze

I WAS WORKING AT AN ART WAREHOUSE in Chelsea in like 1994. I was riding my bike home and it was snowing really hard. I got squeezed in between a car and a bus, and I ended up knocking the side-view mirror on the car pretty bad. It fell off and kind of hung there. I thought to myself, "That's fucked up. I'll stop and handle this the right way." So I pulled over and the car pulled over and immediately this African lady, like a lady from an African country, jumps out and starts screaming at me in broken English. She's just cussing and screaming like crazy. So I'm like, "OK, fuck this. I'm outta here." I jumped on my bike and she jumped right on my back, still screaming the whole time. I kind of just stood up off my seat and leaned back, and she fell right on the ground.

Out of nowhere, I'm fucking surrounded by all these local guys—black guys—who just happened to be nearby. They really came out of nowhere. They're all looking at me and there I am: This young white guy who just pushed an old African lady down in the snow. There's this moment of slow motion, just looking around the circle of dudes and they're all getting closer, kind of pulling up their pants, rolling up their sleeves, and going, "What the fuck, man?" I didn't know what to do, and without even thinking about it I went into Crazy White Boy mode. I picked up my bike and started fucking slamming it up and down onto the ground screaming, "Fuck! FUUUUUU-UCK!!!" That made everyone pause for a second. All of a sudden this one dude runs into the middle of the group and goes, "Wait, wait—I saw the whole deal! This guy was being cool. He stopped and tried to talk to her and shit!" He calmed everybody down and they were all kind of stepping back as they started to understand what had happened. I mean, yeah, I did hit her mirror. But then I stopped and was fully ready to take responsibility, pay for it, all that stuff.

So I say to this guy, my fucking savior, I

go, "Thanks a lot, man." He was like, "I work in that store over there"—he pointed to a bodega on the corner—"and I saw it go down. It's cool." So we're all talking and I start looking at her mirror with this guy and we're trying to fix it. He goes, "Hold on, man. I'm just gonna go tell my boss what I'm doing."

The cops came just then and were like, "Is everything OK here?" We all said, "Yep—we have it under control." Even the African lady had calmed down by then. We were all best friends. The guy who saved me gets back and keeps looking at the mirror with me and goes, "Oh shit, man. All you need is a little bit of that super-strong glue right here. See?" And I looked and he was totally right. He goes, "Dude, I'm gonna run to the store and grab it for you. I'll be right back." I was like, "Thanks!" and I was just thinking to myself, "Damn there are still some really nice people left in this city."

Then he goes, "Hey man, let me use your bike—it'll just take two seconds. Here, hold onto my bag while I'm gone," and he hands me this Jansport bookbag. I was like, "OK, cool," and then he hopped on it and rode off. Then, right away, it was the total *Usual Suspects* moment where it all came together. The dude had been talking about my bike the whole time: Asking me where I got it and how much it cost and all that. I looked down at the bookbag. It was some bootleg Canal Street shit. Then I looked up at him as he rode away, and—swear to god—he flashed me the V for victory hand sign and mouthed the word "Peace." And then he was gone. Poof. I never saw him or my \$600 bike again.

The African lady saw it all happen and just started yelling, "Oh, you stupid! You so, so stupid!" She had a carload of kids and they all started laughing at me too. She ended up driving me around looking for this guy, but it was like no way were we gonna find him. Finally I just hopped out at a red light and started walking home. I never did fix her mirror either.

TERRY SISTERS

### Riot Town

ON APRIL 29TH, 1992, ONE WEEK after my 16th birthday, a white-trash trucker named Reginald Denny was pulled out of his truck at the corner of Florence and Normandy in Los Angeles and beaten to a bloody pulp by a mob of angry black people. Summer and Christmas came early that year.

Me and my brothers are Koreans, born and raised in L.A. We grew up in Koreatown, but ended up going to high

school in Beverly Hills. In my art class Frank Sinatra's granddaughter sat to my right and Sammy Davis, Jr.'s adopted son sat to my left. In front of me sat Ariel Pink, to whom I was very mean because I thought he was a fag. Mort Saul's son was in my science class and he would drive KIT from *Knight Rider* or the De Lorean from *Back to the Future* to school. I hated everyone, and was filled with an intense rage and anger, mostly directed toward Persians and privileged white kids that didn't understand humility. My only outlets were playing the bass drum on the marching band and graffiti. But then in Ms. Goler's English class I discovered creative writing, and wrote and prophesized about a day when the minorities and the have-nots would rise up and take over. My older brother Jimmy had started to get into stealing cars, while I focused on shoplifting at all the local malls. The idea of anarchy ruled me, and of course its sign was etched into my notebooks and fake leather jacket. Two weeks later it all came true.

The rioting had escalated overnight and school was canceled midday. There was pure chaos and pandemonium in the air. All the rich kids were scrambling to their secure houses in the hills or catching flights out to Palm Springs, and I felt like I had finally come home, at peace in the heart of a storm. The air just smelled different.

So my brother pulls up onto the school lawn in a delivery van that he stole with our mother's sewing scissors. He's inside with his friend Fred (another Korean kid) and yells, "GET IN!" I jump in with my best friend Eddie (also Korean). Olympic Boulevard was just a huge parking lot. No one was moving, but we didn't give a fuck. None of us really knew how to drive, so we hit all the cars, drove on the sidewalk, over newspaper dispensers and parking meters. There was a sunroof and we had loaded the van with huge rocks and we were screaming like maniacs and chucking them at rich white people in their fancy cars, breaking their windshields. Everyone was scared to even look at us—we were so bloodthirsty we would have killed them.

As we crossed Western into South Central, the scene changed. Blacks were putting up signs that said "black owned" so that people wouldn't loot their shops. People were running in the streets and we were getting crazy looks. We pulled over into a mini-mart area and started throwing rocks into a store, then these black dudes came out of nowhere and it got scary. But then they started to join us, and it was over for the race war. Now it was just about getting ours. The shop window was broken,



but the gate wouldn't come down. A gang-banger pulled out a gun and started shooting at the lock, and then a fleet of police cars came speeding toward us and everyone scrambled. But they just drove by. That was it. We were in anarchy. There was no more law. I could practically hear the Cannibal Corpse songs in my head. We kicked the gate down and raped, ravaged, and pillaged the karaoke shop in seconds.

We saw Eazy-E drive by in a convertible wearing black gloves and shooting a pump shotgun into the sky. I was screaming with joy. We drove past a Gap and I saw Shawn Pringle, a black kid I grew up with, with all his black friends. I screamed his name, but he pretended like he didn't know who I was. That hurt. Everyone was grabbing shit and looting and pushing and punching. We got in our van and crashed into everything on the way to East L.A. In the black neighborhoods, on every other block a store was on fire. In the Mexican neighborhoods every fucking store was on fire. You could feel the heat through the windows. Moms were looting with their babies, stealing diapers and beer and dry cleaning.

Everywhere that we'd grown up was on fire. Koreans were on rooftops with automatic weapons protecting their businesses. We were the only Koreans that looted during the riots. That's why I still get called a nigger by my own people. There was definitely a sense of us vs. them and I wasn't gonna run and hide behind closed doors. I came to play and I wanted to fight, but whatever racial inequalities started this war were long gone. At this stage in the game it was all about stealing. When the walls went down, no one gave a fuck what race you were, everyone just had jumbo-screen TVs in their eyes.

As we turned the corner onto Vermont, we drove past a Von's Market where the sky opened up and Huey choppers were circling. Soldiers were rappelling down and lining up in the parking lot. We slammed on the brakes and made a U-turn. Game over. We drove back home through Hancock Park over everyone's lawns.

When we got back to Beverly Hills it was a ghost town, no one on the street, not a sound. There was a line of Beverly Hills cops protecting the city border. We parked a few blocks away and set the van on fire. It didn't explode like in the movies. We stashed our loot in the bushes and walked back home.

A week later I wrote this same story for my English class and it was dismissed as fiction by Ms. Goler, but everyone kissed my ass and wanted to be my best friend. I used it as an opportunity to lose my virginity and get invited to rich kids' houses, where I raided their refrigerators and shit in the top part of their toilets.

The day after the riots we found out our parents' business had burned down. We spent the next few years on welfare. DAVID CHOE

### The Biggest Lie

I WENT TO CUBA WITH MY PARENTS A few years ago even though I was almost 30 years old. You don't really do that when you're that old. You either have your own vacation with buddies or you maybe visit your folks in Boca Raton, but this was odd. I felt like one of those awkward 13-year-olds you'd see playing Star Wars with kids that were five years younger than him (remember those poor bastards?).

Anyhoosers, I realized very quickly that the only way this was going to be fun was to get laid. Luckily there was some very hot Paki girl that was also way too old to be there. We recognized each other immediately during the dinner buffet and she kind of gave me this "Hey, what's your story?" look. Being the pussy that I am, I looked away and went over to my mummy and daddy to finish dinner. I hated myself for that move and stared at the ceiling all night conjuring up an excuse for my behavior. By daybreak I had it. My mother died. Who was that woman that we were having dinner with? Um... it was my dad's new girlfriend—that's it. That's why I couldn't say hi. We're on a really weird vacation where this crazy lady is trying to replace my mother and that's why I couldn't come over and say hi but I'm saying hi now, "Hi."

I did this and it worked like a charm. She was bored shitless and some drama about a dead mother was a great icebreaker. Of course, I had to make sure my mother, who was very much alive, never pointed out that she was my mother and not, in fact, some floozy posing as my mother.

I got my 14-year-old brother in on the scam and we were off to the races. It was the center of our conversation for the next week. My brother and I talked about how great our mom was and how much we missed her and the Paki (her name was Samara) almost cried every time. One time I was going on a walk with her (in Cuba they keep you on this compound surrounded by razor wire so all you can do for a walk is kind of scope the perimeter) and I told her this long and involved story about how my brother dealt with the pain. She had been confused by how cheery my brother had been acting despite having lost his mother only a year and a half ago. So I fed her this pile of bullshit:

"My brother was incredibly calm at the funeral and even afterwards when we were alone he didn't cry. He didn't cry or even react for months and months and months. Then, one day, we were at the bowling alley and I asked him to get me a Coke (keep in

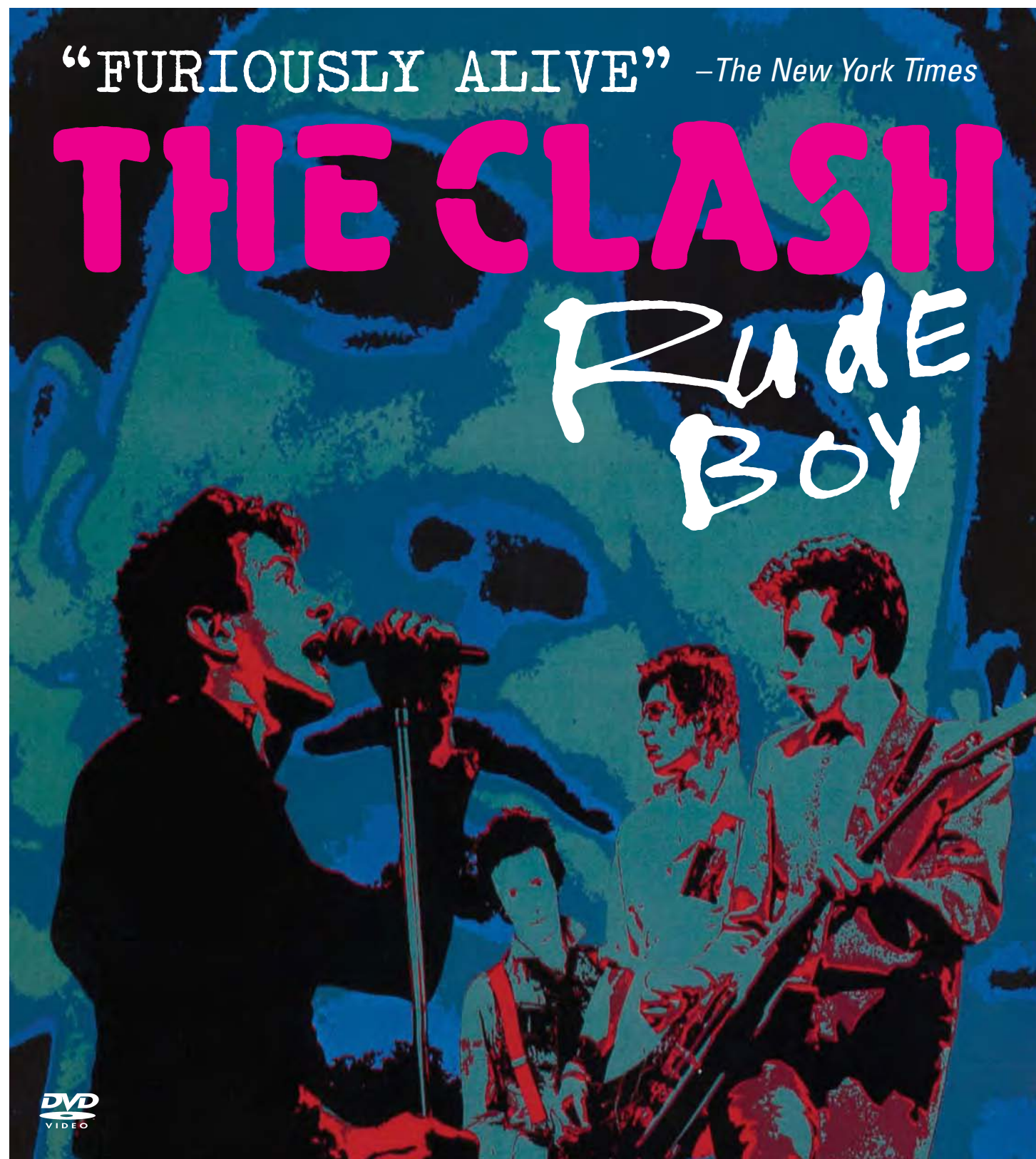
mind this is all coming straight off the dome). So he comes back to our lane and he's holding a Diet Pepsi. I go, 'Strachan, what the fuck? I hate diet drinks. What's the matter with you?' and he goes, 'I thought you said Diet Pepsi.' I got even more angry and pointed out that I would never, ever order a Diet Pepsi. Then you know what happened Samara?"

"What?" she asked with tears in her eyes. "He collapsed to the floor and cried and cried and didn't stop for three days. He had been holding it all in and it just came out like a flood." At that point in the story we were BOTH getting teary-eyed. I was starting to believe my own bullshit.

The only time my lie came into jeopardy was when my mother showed up on the beach drunk and started talking about what it was like changing my diapers when I was a baby. Luckily she was so hammered that she stopped herself a few times and said, "Or was that Strachan," and other weird slip-ups so all I had to do was look at Samara and shake my head like, "Sad eh? Can you believe this psycho?" and Samara just looked at my mother in disgust. We got so good at it my brother took me aside one night and said we had to stop. He said he caught himself looking at our mother with contempt and thinking to himself, "Shut the fuck up, bitch. You're not my mother."

Fucking funny. Anyway, this is where the whole story takes a 90° turn. On our last night in Cuba, I was walking on the beach with my brother and he was talking about his girlfriend and what a dick her stepfather was. He would tell her what to do all the time and act like he was her father and tell her to turn her music down and not let her friends come over and not let her go to sleepovers, etc. For each of these things I'd say "What a dick," or "Cocksucker," or something appropriate. Then he goes, smiling, "Yeah, and when she goes to bed sometimes he'll come into her room and like, touch her tits or some shit like that. He's such a grosser." At that point I had to stop in the sand and grab my brother by the arms and explain the difference between "jerk" and "rapist." Kids don't realize the difference sometimes. The rape story became a hotter topic than the dead mom story and Samara and I spent our last hours in Cuba trying to explain to Strachan that old people can't touch young people in their swimsuit areas. He still didn't get how serious it was and didn't want to call the police, so, after giving him a week to tell a grown-up, I did what I had to do. I called the police.

Holy shit do they ever handle their business fast in the People Who Fuck Kids Department of the police. Before I could finish my conversation they whipped over to where the stepfather



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worked, dragged him out of his office, and threw him in jail. The next day they brought him into some kind of interrogation room where they let him give his side. He claimed that the girl was just mad because he had said she couldn't go to a party the night before.

Do you realize how heavy that is? His defense was based on the timeline of the previous night! Strachan had told me about this problem over a week ago. That means our conversations in Cuba had become a crucial piece of evidence AND Samara was a crucial part of those conversations! That means I had to call Samara and not only tell her we're going to court, but also that I had lied about my mom being dead (if that came up in court, it would totally discredit her as a witness). Can you imagine that phone call? It took about three tries to lay it down straight and by the time we went to court she: Knew the truth, hated my guts, and, most importantly, was ready to testify. The guy got some lame sentence like no jail time and a restraining order, but that was enough for us. A little kid's tits were safe. Apparently the mother blamed her daughter for driving the boyfriend off with slutty lies but later realized it was the truth (things like the girl going to bed with seven layers of pajamas on started to make sense). My brother was a rock about keeping it a secret and, even though the police came to his school to ask him questions, he never told a soul. That was the year he became a man.

GAVIN MCINNES

Old Lady's Car

WHEN I WAS 18, ME AND MY COUSIN lived together. We both did a lot of drugs. Primary among them were crack, coke, and PCP. Other than that we just kind of drove around and rified. He did crimes, like random burglaries and stuff, but I didn't really get into that. The most I did was wait for him outside in the car while he robbed shit.

Anyway, my cousin's burning desire was to steal a car. That's all he talked about for weeks. One night, we were wired on shitty coke and watching *120 Minutes* on MTV. So I guess it was a Sunday. Anyhow, we ran out of coke and I resolved to sit there and stare straight at the TV until I could fall asleep. It would probably only take about six hours. My cousin, on the other hand, stood up and with a resolute "Fuck this," marched out the door to steal a car.

Three hours later, I was in the exact same position when the phone rang. It was him, breathless and as excited as a little kid on his birthday. "Come quick and meet me at the Denny's," he said. "You gotta see this." I drove the next town over to the Denny's that we went to fairly

often and found my cousin standing out front. He waved me around back and trotted off in that direction. I followed him around the corner to the parking lot, and there he was, standing there beaming like a proud father in front of the most unremarkable stolen car I have ever seen. I parked next to it and as I was pulling in I noticed the handicapped license plate on the back.

My cousin jumped in the driver's seat and I got in the passenger seat and we both sat there, kind of going, "Hmm." It smelled like mints. Pulling my sleeve up over my hand, I opened the glove box and started rifling through the stuff in it. There were just a few McDonald's napkins and the driver's license of a 70-year-old woman who lived in our town. It was really depressing.

He told me that he'd simply walked until he felt comfortably far enough from our house (about five miles) and then started trying to open every car door he walked by. Finally, one was unlocked. He got in and pulled out the butter knife he'd been carrying in his coat pocket. He jammed it into the ignition and rattled it around for a few minutes, thinking it would start the car. I don't know where the fuck he got that. After a total lack of success, he gave up and decided to check the glove box for anything of value. Lo and behold, there were the fucking keys, just sitting there. He snatched them up and had been driving around the back streets ever since. He wanted to take the car to a chop shop, but realized that he had no idea where one was.

We sat there for a while kind of feeling weird in this old lady's sad car and then I got out and drove home. My cousin joyrode the car into a bunch of trees near our grandmother's house and then walked over there and fell asleep in her back bedroom around dawn.

JON PHERSON

Maced In The Porn Shop

WHEN I WAS 21, ME AND A FRIEND WENT on a trip to Atlantic City. We didn't have any money, so with about an hour left before we arrived at the casinos, we decided to stop off at every motel we passed along the way (there are a lot of them on that stretch of road) and steal the gumball machines out of their lobbies. As I drove, my friend smashed the gumball machines open with a hammer in the backseat and collected all the quarters. After pissing away about \$150 on slots we decided to try and find a titty bar. When we found one, the dancers were gone because it was close to 6 AM, but the attached porn shop was open, so we decided to shoplift porn. As we were walking out of the store the alarm

went off. I guess the guy that worked there decided he'd had enough abuse and jizzmopping in his lifetime and jumped in front of the exit. He lifted my shirt to expose the porn I was stealing. Me and my friend both tried to push past him to the exit, so he took the phone cord from the mounted payphone on the wall next to us and wrapped it around my neck. My friend got out but stuck his arm back in through the door to mace the guy. As the porn store clerk choked me unconscious, he repeatedly slammed the door on my friend's arm, forcing him to mace us both. So I was covered in mace, passed out on the floor. When my friend heard cop sirens he decided it was time to leave me for dead.

I woke up as the cops were picking me up off the floor and asking me who the fuck my friend was. I told them he was a crazy hitchhiker I picked up who made me do all this crazy shit. After threatening me with felony robbery charges, they finally decided to believe that my friend was a hitchhiker because I stuck to my story and it looked almost like the crazy hitchhiker had deliberately maced us both to get away. Or maybe the head cop just respected the fact that I didn't rat my friend out to save myself and decided not to press the issue. I got tickets for shoplifting and receiving stolen property—which by NJ law were only misdemeanor tickets—and a couple of days in the Atlantic County prison before I could finally beg a relative to come get me.

My fucking mace-happy friend WALKED all the way back to the Philly suburb where we lived. It took him three days.

CHARLIE MCCARTHY

*That was some story, Charlie. You are one crazy guy. Oh man. True Crime is a great category because we all like it. From The Brothers Karamazov to Crime and Punishment to Law & Order, you gringos are suckers for a good crime drama. Anyway, the winner for best True Crime story is... the Oriental guy!*

WINNER: RIOT TOWN

David Choe: "Wow, this is the first trophy I ever got. I'd like to thank my brother for stealing the van and making this all possible. It was the funnest night of my life, but if I have any regrets it would be that we made it racial. We were mad because we saw Koreans getting arrested for guarding their stores with illegal AK-47s and then we were more mad at blacks for looting their stores after the Korean owners were arrested. We destroyed black-owned businesses for revenge and that was wrong. I thought I was being the champion of my race, but I was being the not-the-champion of my race. Whoops."







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Sandra: Jones New York dress, Toujour Toi necklace. See her story on page 103.



## The First Annual Story Awards Chemicals

I don't really understand what this show is. I think it's white kids talking about drugs then one of them gets a trophy. The nominees are...

### Ecstasy Dealer Shits His Pants

I HAD JUST LOST A JOB AND I HAD A friend that was dealing ecstasy. I was like, "Fuck, I need to do something," so I got my hustle on with that shit and it started going well. I met one dude and then I met another dude, and so on. It went from selling ten hits to selling 100 and then before you know it, I got wrapped up in this shit for five months and made a shitload of money. I was fucking young, too, like 22.

So one night I was leaving that old nightclub Coney Island High to go meet this guy who supplied me. I had \$30,000 cash and about 1,000 hits in my bag—I smelled like ecstasy, you know what I mean? I was going to meet this dude and I had the backpack on and I saw him about three blocks in front of me, so I waved.

All of a sudden a cop is right in front of me, and he's like, "Excuse me," and I was just about to pass out. I thought that was it, I was being set up. I mean, I was looking at 25 years in the feds. Then the cop just goes, "Do you know where there's a good coffee shop near here?" I don't know why the fuck he asked me that. I just stammered out something about a bodega around the corner and he thanked me and walked on. When I met up with the guy he kept asking me questions about the cop that I had no answers for. I quit dealing drugs the next day. TRACEY HAWTHORNE

### Acid OD

FIVE YEARS AGO MY FRIEND AND I bought two bottles of liquid acid at £150 a pop from a freak who lives in Thailand and takes it every day for breakfast.

What great fun we had, taking it every day, thinking it a "safer alternative" to our other favorite drugs of cocaine, ecstasy, and heroin.

We would do little droplets of the delicious minty liquid pretty much every couple of days for a period of about four months. We were so high all the fucking time that we had little idea, or control over the fact that we were both slowly

going totally insane.

Our first scary experience with the liquid lover was when we accidentally poured waaaaay too much of it onto a good friend's hand at an outdoor party in East London.

I'd taken a gram of cocaine and two ecstasy tablets as well as three drops of acid, so I was already feeling a little "giddy." When 30 minutes after my friend had taken the dose, he emerged from the dance floor shaking like an epilepsy victim, his eyes wide open like he'd just glimpsed a vision of hell, pointing at me and silently mouthing the words: "Youuuuu've fuckkked meeee upppppppppp," I started to freak out.

Things were made worse when he started to puke up, then commenced crying and claiming that he had had "visions of Brazil." As my scrambled brain told me that he was probably going to die, I envisioned being locked up in prison for 25 years for murder. I went home hysterically laughing and crying at the same time.

It turned out that he was OK after about four days of sitting in a darkened room but, quite rightly, he hated me for what I'd done to him.

After this experience, I resolved to put the acid away for a while. I stored it in my top desk drawer at work. In the next two months, I carried on being a heavy user of cocaine, booze, heroin, and ecstasy, so I boiled my psychedelic visions and laughing and crying out of context during meetings down to that.

What I didn't realize was that I hadn't put the top back on the bottle of liquid acid properly and it was slowly leaking onto all the papers, pens, and CDs I kept in the drawer. Every time I reached to get something out of the desk (about five times a day), I was getting acid on my fingers. I was tripping the whole time. When I found this out, it was kind of a relief because I thought I was becoming biologically insane.

ANDY CAPPER

### Driving On Vicodin

ALL RIGHT, SO I WAS FLYING BACK TO L.A. from Chicago. I can't remember what the fuck I was doing there, but it's a four-hour flight so I figured it would be a great idea to take some Vicodin because that would knock me out. I hate flying because I'm 6'4" and I've got knees that go all the way down my legs so it's impossible to get comfortable on a plane. I take a little nap as we're taxiing and then I wake up and we're in the air and the lights are off and everyone's asleep because it's kind of a red eye. Then I notice there's three empty

seats a few rows up, so I go over there and get ready to sleep and I'm thinking, "This is going to be awesome." I ask the flying nurse or the flight attendant or whatever, "Do you have any light beer?" and she wasn't sure what she had so she came back with two and before I could choose she just said, "Oh go ahead and take them both." I said thanks and then she added, "But drink them fast!" I had no idea why she said that—we have another, what, three and a half hours to go? But I laughed and said, "OK, I will!" as she walked back. So I take the two Vicodin and slam both of the beers and on the second beer, halfway through it, the captain comes over the loudspeaker and says, "We'll be landing in Los Angeles in about 15 minutes." What? That "nap" I had while we were taxiing was almost four hours long! The flight was already finished.

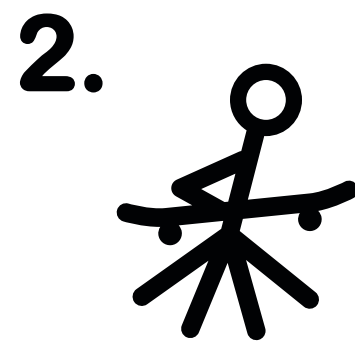
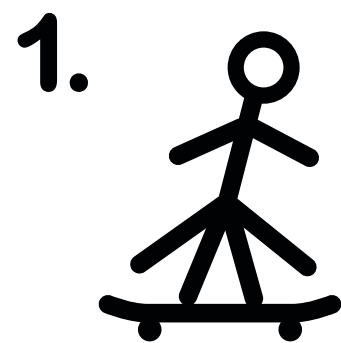
I had my car parked at the airport and I remember thinking, "All I have to do is make it to my car and I'll be safe." That's right, all I have to do is get into my 4,000-pound murder machine and I'll be just fine. When I got onto the road it was terrifying. So terrifying in fact that I pulled over to call a friend to come pick me up. I can't remember this part very well but I know I vomited into a shopping bag and threw it out the window. After driving home, I stepped out of the car and before the other foot could touch the pavement I fell asleep. I was leaning on the door, dead to the world for what must have been half an hour. I woke up and limped up the stairs to my house and there was a buddy of mine waiting by my front door. He didn't see me sleeping in the parking lot so he was waiting for me as I stood, snoring, about 30 feet away. Anyway, he reminded me that we made plans to go out so I said I was just going to drop off my stuff but collapsed face-down on the couch the second I opened the door. I woke up the next morning still face-down with half my body strewn on the floor. My friend was gone. He must have tried to wake me up for a while and then just gone back home.

JAY JOHNSTON

### Pole-Sitting On Shrooms

I WENT TO JAPAN FOR A LITTLE WHILE between high school and college, and wound up staying at this pretty cool cheaper hotel. It was kind of on the outskirts of Tokyo but real close to the subway, so it was a good trade-off. All the other people who stayed at it were foreigners too, mostly backpackers who'd be there for a few days before moving on.

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After about a week, I started talking with this Egyptian dude who was there for a longer haul. He made money selling these little Egyptian trinkets by the side of the road. He had a whole bunch of little papyrus scrolls with a pyramid and like the standard hieroglyphics guy printed on them that said Muhammed Ali at the bottom in cursive. These little guys cost him something like 40 cents each in Alexandria, but he was able to sell them to whomever would fork over \$15 to \$20 a pop. At the time I was there, Japan still hadn't outlawed magic mushrooms, so it was perfectly legal to just sell them on the side of the street. This Egyptian guy had kind of a side business dealing shrooms from next to his big blanket of papyrus scrolls.

I started chatting with him one night, and he invited me to come help him sell the scrolls, telling me it's good people-watching and stuff. I figured that'd be a good break from what I had been doing, which was spending a ridiculous amount of money every minute of the day, so I went with him. I "helped" him sell his crap for about a week, and every night he'd give me a little bag of shrooms as

kind of compensation. So for that whole period, whenever he'd pack his stuff up for the night, I'd just start tripping and go wander around town.

One of these nights, I was walking back to the hotel and came to the decision that, despite my being completely afraid of heights, it would be really awesome if I climbed the telephone pole across the street. I had a little Canon Elph in my pocket that, being safety-minded, I didn't want slipping out during the climb. I took it out and looked for somewhere good to set it. I'd had a really good experience with a Japanese homeless guy right when I'd gotten into the country, where I'd bought him like a 40-cent can of coffee from a vending machine and he'd turned around and given me \$10 in yen for my trouble, so I was kind of sold on the idea that the homeless in Japan are all really great guys. There was this one guy right under the pole I was getting ready to climb, so I handed him my camera, let him know nonverbally that I was going up the pole and would be back in a little bit, and started shimmying up.

I got up to the top and found a way to sort

of sit down on the crossbeam, and it was really awesome. I chilled out up there for a while enjoying the view and all, then started to head back down. When I got back to the ground, dude was gone with my camera. I was like, "Aw man," then I checked a clock to see how long I'd been up there. Oh, only about three hours.

DAVID SPECHT

### I Turned Myself In

THE NIGHT I TURNED MYSELF INTO the police it was rainy as fuck and unnecessarily cold for an April evening. It was also the last night I worked as a bicycle burrito-delivery boy for Benny's on Sixth and A. This particular night I'd shown up to work late and bummed, withdrawing from heroin. The dope places were closed so I'd copped two bags of coke for later. I went into the washroom at work and, since I had it, shot up almost all the coke at once. I loaded the orders on the bike and, peddling into the rain, started to cry uncontrollably. Thanks to cocaine psychosis, the dope withdrawal, and my crushing guilt, suddenly everybody on the street was an undercover cop just about to arrest me!

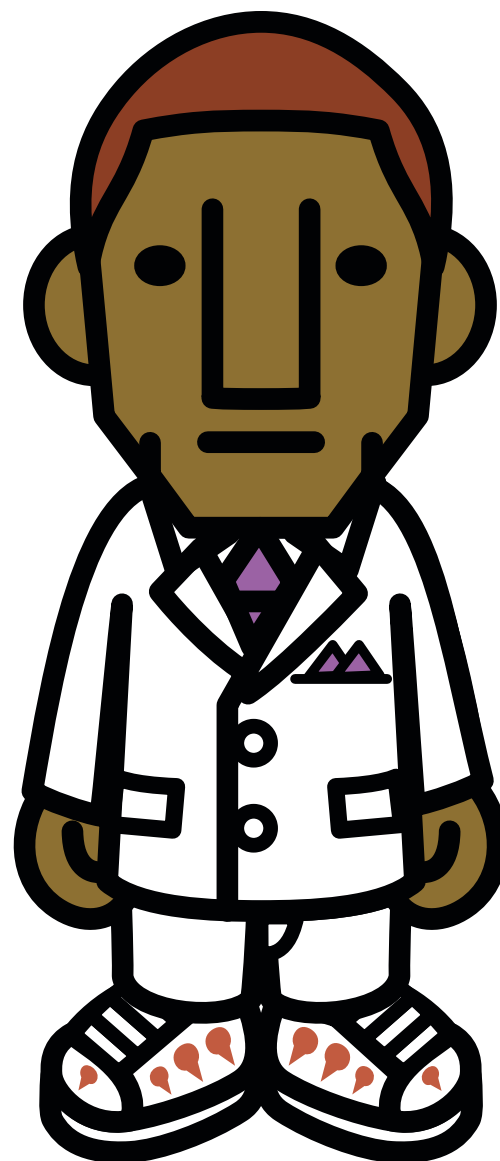
Even the homeless people were all cops. The only people who weren't cops were kids under the age of eight, who were all laughing at me. I could overhear them talking about me, monitoring me, discussing my myriad transgressions, how I possessed contraband. I rode around for an hour or so, sobbing, wondering how the cops could be so cruel, then I finally gave up. I wandered into the 9th Precinct on Fifth and First Ave, walked up to the desk sergeant, and announced, "I'm the guy you've been looking for." The dude looked at me, sighed, shook his head, and told me to have a seat. Twenty-five minutes later, a super-kind cop came over and asked me what I'd done. "A lot of cocaine," I answered. "Do you have any on you?" he asked. "Nope," I lied. "Go home, kid, and don't do it any more," he said. So I went home, did the rest, and went out in search of more. The wet burritos lay in the bicycle basket, still undelivered.

MIKE MCGONIGAL

*OK, I open this envelope and it says Driving On Vicodin so the winner is Driving On Vicodin.*

### WINNER: DRIVING ON VICODIN

Jay Johnston: "Wow, this is an honor. And I'm so happy to be here. It's funny because two people told me today that my horoscope said my 'magical abilities were lying dormant.' Looks like they're fucking wrong."



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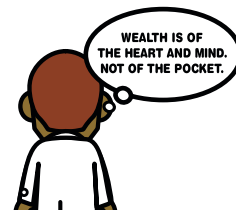


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Isabel: Saks Fifth Avenue dress, Toujour Toi earrings, vintage pin. See her story on page 103.



# The First Annual Story Awards La Familia

Do I win? I win this? Oh, I'm presenting. OK. The nominees for best story about your family are...

## My Mom The Cokehead

WHEN I WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD MY MOM started getting into coke big time. She went from a little-town shitty job to a big-city executive job for a huge company and I guess it was too much for her. In less than two years, she got divorced from my father and started fucking around like there was no tomorrow. She met this guy from Norway and they got married. Both were doing tons of coke every day. My mom got fired from her job because she stole a lot of money. The Norwegian never had a job to begin with, so we ran out of money and they started selling everything: First the jewelry, then fancy clothes and furniture. Eventually, they basically sold everything we had, so we were living with two sets of clothes each and a bed. We ate nothing but potatoes for months.

Then the electricity was cut so we were living in this flat that looked to me like a medieval castle (at least that's what I thought in order to maintain some semblance of sanity). One day I came back from school and I realized something was different. The house was full of candles and smelled really weird. My mom and her husband took me into the master room and told me how they'd figured out what was happening in our lives. Cocained out of their fucking minds, they explained that they were Jesus Christ and St. Michael reincarnated and everything was a test from God to see if we were able to understand the sublime life that was waiting for us after this hard period. They then told me to keep it a secret because the CIA was on our backs. According to Jesus, aka my mother's husband, there was this big plot wherein the US sent the CIA to kill Jesus (him) because he knew about all sorts of national secrets and conspiracies. Apparently, they had installed cameras and microphones all around the house and secret agents were following us all the time. Their solution was that we had to stay confined in that room waiting for the miracle to happen—basically until some magic stuff came to rescue us.

I decided straight away that I was moving to my father's, but they wouldn't let me out of the room. After some verbal violence,

Jesus and my mother realized that I had been working for the CIA since the beginning, so they kind of let me leave on the condition that I would never see them again. I still keep it this way and, besides the occasional panic attack, I'm doing pretty well. TELIS LANKERG

## Glasgow Brothers

ABOUT 40 YEARS AGO I WENT OUT drinking in Glasgow with some friends. When I got home my older brother Allan was there smoking and watching TV. He was 22 and I was, I guess, 21 at the time and, though he was a year older than me, he was much smaller. I was always fighting his battles for him.

For whatever reason I started niggling Allan and calling him a poof and doing whatever I could to get a rise out of him. The more I annoyed him the angrier he got until finally he threatened to hit me. I laughed and said, "On you go. Take a swing." He stood back and swung as hard as he could and bashed me right in the face. I was quite drunk so it really didn't hurt. After I got up, I laughed again and told him, "That was pathetic." Then I taunted him some more and added, "Come on, you can do better than that." He did. This time he ran at me and used the entire force of his albeit slight build to knock me over. I got up rolling my eyes in disgust. I was getting a little bit sore at this point, but not enough apparently, and so I told Allan I hadn't even noticed his last attack. He punched me again, this time right on the tip of my nose. I don't remember it breaking or much else from that night, but my sisters told me it went on for at least twenty minutes.

The next morning I woke up with my face stuck to the pillow. He had pulverized me—at my insistence really. My entire face was a bloody mess of pulp and hardened scabs. I had two black eyes that were almost completely swollen shut. My ears were encrusted with blood and my mouth didn't even look like a mouth. It was more of a swollen hole. Evidently Allan was not the wimp I thought he was.

That afternoon I had a date with a girl I'd been seeing (who is now the mother of my two grown boys) and I had no idea how I was going to conceal the damage. I tried sunglasses and a hat, but it didn't do much. She was mortified when she saw me and wanted to end the relationship right then until I explained that a gang had attacked me. It worked.

Later I told Allan I was going to murder him in retaliation. I didn't actually intend to do anything, I just wanted to worry him. It was a cruel sort of mental torture but I felt he had taken advantage of me. I was an asshole. I guess I still am.

JIMMY ROAN

## Great-Uncle Lutrow

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS NAMED John Wilson. After fighting in the Spanish-American War with a hundred other John Wilsons, he decided none of his kids should be forced to bear the indignity of such a common name, so when they were born he assigned each one the last name of his favorite war buddies. As a result, I have great-uncles with first names Gernt, Merchasen (or Mert), Ellison, Lyman Dollar, and Lutrow.

Lutrow was the oldest and fought everybody all the time, which his father shrugged off as the inevitable result of his being a redhead. At the beginning of the 30s, the family decided to move from Tennessee to West Palm Beach, Florida (which at that point was just as backwoods as anywhere in Appalachia, if not more so), so they sent 19-year-old Lutrow and 18-year-old Mert down to scope it out.

On their way back, the two got stopped by the cops in Macon, Georgia, for speeding. The officer who pulled them over made some remark about hillbillies, Lutrow decked him, and he and Mert were hauled off to the local jail.

Once they got them both in the holding cell, the officer Lutrow had punched went into the hallway and came back with the emergency fire hose. He said, "You mountain folk want to be fit for this here city, we're a need to clean you up," and let loose with the spray à la *Planet of the Apes*, blasting them against the back wall. While Mert was just yelling and getting pummeled, Lutrow flattened himself on the ground then crawled under the spray to where he could grab the bars on the door. He pulled himself up right in front of the cop, grabbed the nozzle through the bars and wrestled it out of his hands, then turned the stream on each of the officers.

While both of them ran back into the hallway to cut the water, Lutrow used the hose to soak every inch of the station within his range: All the furniture, the desks and paperwork, the shotguns, etc. So instead of just messing with them for a night and letting them head home, the cops decided to hold onto Mert and Lutrow for a solid 30 days, during which they got no phone calls. By the time they got out, my great-grandmother had already started making preliminary funeral arrangements with the local preacher.

Once they moved to West Palm Beach, my great-grandfather started up a garage at which my great-uncles all worked when they weren't in school. In typical Southern-sheriff fashion, the town sheriff kept this really nasty hound-mutt mix which he basically let run wild through the poorer and less white neighborhoods. One day my great-aunt Thelma was



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on her way home from high school and got chased down and bit by the dog on her ankle. It wasn't a really bad bite or anything, but Lutrow threw his revolver in the garage's truck and peeled out to hunt the dog down. When he finally found it, it was with the sheriff right outside the station, so Lutrow just rolled down the window and shouted, "If that thing touches my sister one more time, I'm going to put five slugs in it and save the last one for your sorry ass." To which the sheriff replied, "Get on out of here, boy," and did one of those really hearty fat-guy laughs.

A few weeks later Thelma got run down and bit again. My great-grandma bandaged her up, then had her put on a really long skirt so that Lutrow wouldn't notice it. Later that night though he found out, got really pissed for a couple minutes, then suddenly calmed down and was like, "Well, what can you do?" which put the rest of the fam at ease, but also kind of weirded them out. The next morning he got up before everyone else, took his dad's car to the garage, grabbed his gun, and drove down to the police station. He slid in the door with the gun behind his back and said, "Morning, Sheriff," then walked right up beside his desk where the dog was sleeping, put his gun against the top of its head, and blew out its brains.

The whole thing had happened so quickly the sheriff was still just sitting at his desk dumbfounded. Lutrow turned his gun to the guy's face and pulled back the hammer, then said, "Well, looks like I've got four more rounds than I planned on. How about I hold onto them and we call this a done deal?" He let him walk out of there.

Later in the morning, the sheriff pulled up to the garage with a posse of ten or so guys. He explained to my great-grandfather what Lutrow had done and how they'd have to take him in, to which my great-grandfather just nodded his head and said, "Well, what do you expect from a redhead?" THOMAS MORTON

### I Bit Off My Bro's Finger

WHAT HAPPENED IN A NUTSHELL IS THAT it was New Year's Eve, we were hanging at the house, had a few people over, everybody's drinking, there were some extracurricular activities going on, and basically everybody was doing their own thing. Around two o'clock that night, me and my girlfriend went upstairs and went to bed. Kevin, my twin brother, him and a group of people stayed up and they continued partying. There was a lot of drugs and a lot of alcohol, and so I woke up about six o'clock in the morning to get some water and I noticed he wasn't there, the truck wasn't there, and everybody was gone. That was a work truck. We were air-conditioning contractors, and so all our tools, everything we needed to do the job, was on that truck. I just thought maybe he went out partying further or

whatever. I went back to bed. Then I get a call from the Houston Police Department, this was about 7 AM, asking if I owned the truck. They said that they had found it, and that it looked like it had been stripped. I said, "Yeah that's our truck," so he said to come and get it. We went down to grab the truck, and it was stripped—the toolbox was gone, everything was gone. Just stripped. So we get the truck from the impound, get it back to the house, and just as we're getting home Kevin shows up. Some black dude dropped him off. I'm sure he was amazed to even see the truck in the driveway. So I confronted him when he got in the house. Basically, he had loaned the truck out for drugs. Went on a stem bender and loaned the truck out. So me and him got into an argument, he pushed me, and we just started fighting. He wound up on top of me and he was trying to rip my eye out. He had his fingers in my mouth and in my eye, and I couldn't get him off of me. So I fucking bit down on his finger, and I wasn't trying to sever it, but the adrenaline was pumping and I bit his finger off. So anyway, after that everybody is freaking out: My girlfriend's freaking out, he's freaking out, I'm freaking out—and he goes and calls the cops. The cops come and they arrest me for aggravated assault with bodily injury, which carries about 2 to 20 years, depending. I get to sit in the Harris County jail for 27 days. My brother lied to the cops and told them that I attacked him and all this stuff, and really blew it out of proportion, so they ended up arresting me. Well, long story short, he had to go in front of a grand jury and testify that he attacked me and all the charges got dropped and everything was over at that point. They couldn't save his finger. They'd had it in a bag of ice, but I guess it was too long before they got him to the hospital. Anyway, I ain't proud of doing it, it was just that there was a bunch of shit that added up and I just exploded. We both did, he just ended up on the losing end of the stick. JOE FARE

### My Mom Stole My Identity

MY MOM AND DAD HAD TWO MAIN topics in every one of their millions of fights: She didn't fuck him enough and she spent way too much. But, really, it was mostly about the money. He would cut up her credit cards, so she started memorizing the numbers. He would force her to get a job, and she would use her employee discount to raise bills above her meager paycheck.

Finally, my dad saw the nearest escape hatch and grabbed the golden parachute for most middle-aged, low-income men of minimal will to live: He died of a massive coronary.

My brother and I signed over our inheritance to our mom's care. Joint custody. She took our money on trips to the salon—she couldn't hold my father's memory with unkempt fingernails. She took our money to

Florida where she bought a house with a pool so that my dad's memory could finally retire and go swimming. She also took our money to meet its new stepdad Alan. And Alan, like any insecure stepfather would, tried his hardest to impress this money. He took it to the car dealership and the motorcycle dealership and to concerts. He quit his job so he could wine and dine my mom with our inheritance full-time. Soon enough, the money was all gone.

The thing is, I couldn't have cared less about that money. It was, in my mind, blood money, earned at the grave of my father. And, although I am certain my mom and Alan had no right to it, I am equally certain neither did my brother or I. However, I do believe we should have had claim to our identities.

After Mom pissed away \$100,000 of each of her sons' inheritances, she began flirting with our credit limit. She took out one card in my name and then one in my brother's. She took out more. She missed a payment and then she missed several. She of course knew our names and birthdays and social security numbers. She forged addresses and signatures and put our finances in such disarray that when we finally uncovered the fraud, we were both paying nearly 50-percent interest charges on purchases made more than five years prior.

I only learned of this rape and pillage when I got a court summons hand-delivered to me. It said, in no uncertain terms, "Either pay \$20,000 in debt or be jailed." A call to a credit agency later, I'd gained a rapid education in finance and betrayal. I confronted Mom and she cried and cried. She divorced Alan and told us it was all his fault. She blamed us for enabling and blamed my dad for dying. The one person she never got around to blaming, and still hasn't to this day, was herself.

But, the irony of life's stories demands that each climax be followed by an anticlimax. So I live with her as my mother to this day. I didn't cut off ties with her. I do have an incredible desire to fuck her over for all that she has done to me, however. Hopefully some day I'll get my chance. ANTAGIO NIST

*That is some very exciting stuff. The winner is... Thomas Morton for Lutrow!*

### WINNER: GREAT-UNCLE LUTROW

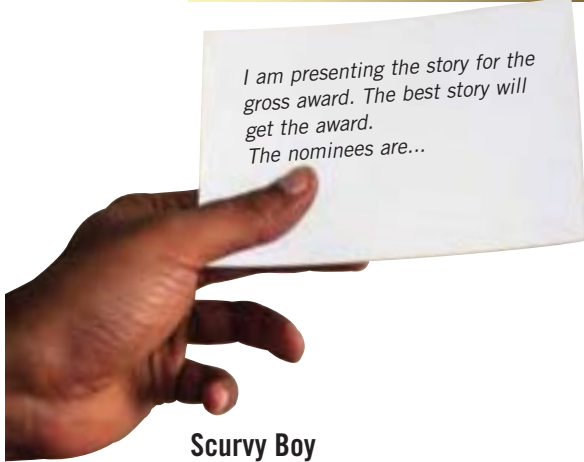
Thomas Morton: "Oh, man. Wow. Just wow. You know I've always been glad to have sprung from such a rich and storied bloodline, but never did I imagine it would bring me to this. I'd like to thank *Vice* for taking a chance on what must have seemed like a rickety old go-nowhere tale of hose-theft, dog-murder, and redemption; my uncles for drilling it into me at countless dinners; and of course Lutrow, for being the violent upstart his hair color made him. We made it baby!"





Alberto: Y's suit, Yves Saint Laurent shirt, Guy Laroche tie. See his story on page 103.

## The First Annual Story Awards Ewww!!



### Scurvy Boy

I WAS 19 AND LIVING IN A GLORIFIED toilet block with two mates—Liam who didn't really live with us but kept his mattress in the lounge and paid rent sometimes, and Big Ben who was the complete opposite: A giant hermit with a surly disposition. Ben spent his days lying on Liam's mattress, listening to hardcore, and farting. We had lost the key to the front door, and the lock wouldn't open without it. I would come home drunk, have to remove the slats from the window, climb in, and pass out to the sounds of the motorway on my rotting futon.

Even though I dressed almost entirely in hand-me-downs, I decided I needed new shoes. The problem was that after paying rent, buying food, and getting drunk my benefit was long gone. I definitely needed new shoes but I also needed new clothes, a bed, toothbrush, etc., and after a week of racking my brain I came up with a brilliant plan. If I stopped buying food for a month I could save the £150 or so I needed. For the next four weeks, my already shitty diet was reduced to whatever I could steal and flour and water—which I would fry up and eat with tomato sauce (this took care of needing to buy toilet paper too). The saving was going well.

The weird thing is that leading up to contracting scurvy I felt fine. It was two in the morning—I was watching some TV and jacking off on Liam's mattress. After I came I felt weak. I tried to stand up but my legs could barely support me. I stumbled into my room, collapsed on my bed, and fell asleep. The next day I felt like someone had tenderized me with a baseball bat. You know when you get a blister on your tongue? The whole inside of my mouth felt like that. I could push my tongue into the roof of my mouth and spit out blood and pus. Back then I had a face full of piercings (it was the mid-90s) and all the holes became infected overnight. After a couple attempts to stand up, I crawled out to the

lounge. Ben, who was farting and eating margarine straight from the tub, shot me a dirty look and edged away from me. It was obvious he was gonna be of no help and the phone had been cut off months ago. I crawled back into my room and lay there spitting blood and passing out.

The next day this girl I had been seeing showed up. Unfortunately this particular girl not only had a drug problem but was also a complete sadist. She stood in the doorway looking at me disapprovingly. "What's wrong?" she asked as if my sickness was some kind of insult to her. "I don't know, but I feel like I'm gonna die." She started fishing round in her bag and pulled out a couple bottles of pills.

"Take these."

"What are they?" I held up the bottles, but my eyes hurt too much to make out the writing.

"I don't know, some shit. It'll make you feel better."

I swallowed a couple of each pill.

"Can you call my mother?" I asked in a voice so pathetic I didn't recognize it as my own.

"Sure, when I get home."

I felt the drugs start to take effect. For the first time in 24 hours I wasn't in total agony.

For the next two days I kept popping pills and becoming detached from the sickness. I was like a witch doctor examining new symptoms with a morbid fascination. If I scratched myself lightly on any part of my body, it would come up in pus-filled welts minutes later. I also discovered scars that had been healed for years had started to reopen. All this was fascinating until the drugs began to wear off. Then I was gripped with terror. I was thinking about giving Ben instructions for my funeral when my girlfriend turned up again. She looked wasted and her eyes kept rolling around. When she talked, it sounded like a record on the wrong speed.

"Are you still sick?"

"I need to see a doctor, did you call my mum?"

"No, I forgot." she said, flopping on to the end of my bed.

I forced myself to sit up to try and give what I was about to say some impact.

"Please, I'm really sick. You have to get someone to take me to a doctor."

She sat there staring at me blankly as her drug-fucked mind registered this new information. After ten seconds she said OK.

My mother turned up the next day talking about how some weird girl showed up at the house. I think at first she thought I was just wasted—I had been eating pills like Tic

Tacs and wasn't very coherent. But when she saw the welts and blood she started to take me seriously. The doctor was shocked. After consulting a couple of books, she looked at me with an expression which was one part concern, one part amusement, and said, "I think you have scurvy." Both of us sat there not really believing it. This was the only other case she had heard of since the introduction of electricity in Dunedin when four students died after months on a diet of chips and beer. Apparently, if I had left it another week I'd have been dead as well. The doctor gave me a prescription for super-strong vitamin C pills and painkillers. DOMINIC MONAGHAN

### Dog Feasts On Tampon

IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE 2001 AND MY boyfriend had come round to see me at my parents' house while they were out at a party.

We started making out in my room and after a few minutes he started to slip his hands up my skirt. I told him I didn't really want to do anything because I was on my period.

Undeterred, he said he didn't mind if I didn't mind, so I said OK. Before I'd had the chance to fix my bits, he took hold of the tampon string, pulled it out, and threw it romantically across the bedroom.

My parents came home early, so we had to get dressed in a rush. I looked briefly for the tampon but couldn't find it so I just left it somewhere in the room.

The next evening I was sitting on the couch in the front room watching bad Christmas TV, drunk and stuffed full of turkey, when I heard my mother calling me into the kitchen.

I got up reluctantly because I thought she was asking me to help her with the dishes, but when I got in there I was faced with the sight of her and my dad examining the dog's anus on the kitchen table.

"You wouldn't believe this, Kate," my dad said, "but the dog's got a string hanging out of his backside! He must have eaten a party popper or something. And it must have made him bleed or something because there's blood on this string. Did you see the dog eat a party popper?"

It suddenly dawned on me what was about to happen, so I blurted out: "Oh yeah, he does that all the time, give me the dog, I've done this before. Trust me, you don't want to see it."

I grabbed the poor, barking dog, rushed it upstairs, and performed the unpleasant operation of pulling my own tampon out of the dog's ass in quiet solitude.

KATE CARS





“Get It, Willy”

IT WAS MAYBE 1990. I WAS WORKING at Down to Earth health-food store. I got off the train from Long Island City in Queens, where I lived. I was on Sixth Avenue, about to make a left on 12th Street, and there was scaffolding that kind of ran the length of the building and then up and around the corner. So just as I was about to hit the corner I heard women screaming and saw children running. I thought the scaffolding must have fallen or something—people were fucking bugging out. And it was like seven in the morning, everybody’s going to work, streets are pretty crowded—sunny summer day. As I turned the corner I heard a guy going, “Go on, Willy, get it, Willy. Get it, go on, Willy,” and I was like, “What the fuck is going on, and what’s Willy doing that’s he’s got to get it?” Then I see a man in the middle of the sidewalk—the very crowded sidewalk—with his pants around his ankles, hunched over with one arm holding the lower bar of the scaffolding. And the only way I could describe it would be half the length of a soda can was hanging out of his ass. He was a black guy with a very Edwardian-linen-color descended colon hanging out of his anus.

This wasn’t shit, this was his body falling out of his body. This was the inside of his body hanging out of his ass. And almost like a freshly painted toilet paper roller, but soft, almost like the texture of tripe. Well I guess it was tripe, right? Human tripe. But as this portal of tripe was hanging from his ass the wettest, most disgusting-smelling diarrhea—just water—was pouring out of his ass and splashing all over the ground and he was kind of screaming in pain. Just by the way it looked coming out, you could tell it was so spicy. People were running because it was splashing at their feet. I’m assuming it was without any warning he just decided to do this. And the, “Go on, Willy,” was from his friend sitting about five feet away against a wall, watching. It was like, “Get a hold of that shit, take control of that shit—get it out.” He was coaching. And he was also laughing his ass off while his friend was writhing in spicy shit pain.

CIV

Haunted Shit

MY FRIEND, THE PROTAGONIST in this tale, was in this really huge haunted house around Halloween a couple years ago. It was this really famous attraction—a big-enough draw to make people travel from out of state and wait for hours. The questionable ingredients of a large Mexican meal beforehand

began to make themselves known to him as he lined up outside for what seemed like hours.

Once inside, the thrills of moving floorboards and slamming doors made it all the harder for him to keep his composure. By the time he reached an interminable trudge across the “Haunted Swamp,” he was on Orange Alert. “Hey buddy,” he pleaded, grabbing a passing ghoul in the employ of this glorified carnie stall, “Is there some kind of ‘haunted restroom’ in here or something?” “What the fuck are you talking about?” snapped the monster. “Bathrooms are outside. You’re near the end anyway.” It was true. Freedom was just one room away. Unfortunately, that room was the haunted maze—a pitch-black labyrinth in which “one wrong turn can have you trapped for hours.” Admitting defeat, he backed himself into what felt like a corner and let nature take its course. Really, he had no other option.



Euphoric but shame-faced, he tried to put as much distance between his impromptu dump spot and himself as possible—and then the chaos started. “Ew, it smells like someone farted,” came a voice from behind him as more people entered the room. “Wait, it smells like...” followed by the sound of gagging, retching, and barfing. Then screaming, crying, and all the other sounds humans make when they are trapped *en masse* in a dark, hot room reeking of shit and vomit. It took a team of employees with flashlights to round up the panicked masses and lead them past the haunted pile of crap, which was unfortunately deposited right beside the maze’s hidden exit. The story made the news that evening and, subsequently, the whole place was closed down for a month by the health inspectors.

JAMIE THOMSON

Stroking The Cat

LAST YEAR I HOME-STAYED FOR A couple of months with this really wacky Japanese family in Tokyo. The dad was the boss of one of the biggest jam companies in Japan, so they had a really nice house and everything (although my room strangely had neither windows nor an air conditioner, so when summer came it was like a sauna). My host family consisted of a dad, a mum, a reclusive high school daughter, and five cats.

The dad was an alcoholic womanizer who would frequently call after work, asking me to lie to his wife that he was “working late.” Once he even invited me to a foursome with some chicks he picked up in return for all the lies I had been telling for him (“We can fuck in the same room!” he slurred).

One morning as I was eating breakfast, my severely hungover host dad came and sat down in front of me, moaning about how he drank too much last night and felt like shit. Meanwhile, one of the cats—apparently horny as fuck—was dragging his ass all over the floor in zigzags to get some relief. It was starting to bug me. So guess what my crazy host dad did? He picked up the bugger, flipped it over onto its back, and held it down right in front of me. Then, with his free hand, he massaged the cat’s tiny boner until it came!

At first the cat was squirming about, but then the meowing became noticeably louder and more aggressive. Like, you could tell he was really feelin’ it. And my host dad is just sitting there, rubbing away as if it was the most normal thing in the world at 7 AM. I swear, at one point the cat’s squeals of pleasure actually sounded like a human girl having a major orgasm. Truly disturbing stuff. And all in my fucking breakfast-eating face. Soon after, I got the hell out and moved into my own apartment.

DAVE KRESKIN

*Talk about some gross stuff. I am about to barf all over the place. All right, let’s open the envelope. Hey everybody, looks like that guy from Gorilla Biscuits won!*

WINNER: “GET IT, WILLY”

CIV: “I am so blessed to have my family here tonight. My wife and my daughter are here. And I just want to say thank you so much for everything, for being there. And thank you for loving me so much and supporting me. And to the fans of the shit story. You have all made me feel like I’m making a difference in your lives and that is something money simply cannot buy. So thank you so much for this honor.”



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Bobby: Sacque suit, Pierre Cardin shirt, Allyn St. George tie. See his story on page 104.

## The First Annual Story Awards Heavy Shit

Hello and welcome and thank you for coming to the Vice Story Awards. This category is about Heavy Shit. The nominees are...

### Sobbing On The N Train

I WAS ON MY WAY TO MANHATTAN from Brooklyn on the subway. I was riding the N train, which is notorious for making way too many stops in downtown Brooklyn and lower Manhattan. It was a Saturday night and the train was semi-crowded with partygoers on their way to the city. As the train was snaking its way through downtown Manhattan this woman got on. She was quite striking, but this was hard to make out because she was sobbing uncontrollably. A hush fell over the train as people turned to examine the woman. She took a seat right across from me.

The train continued to creep through lower Manhattan with the woman sobbing. The mood on the train was different though. The intoxicated people on the train were now completely silent. Everyone was wondering about the woman. After a few minutes with no one attempting to do anything, I got up and sat next to her.

I had no idea what to say to the woman, so I asked her if everything was all right. Just as the last syllables were escaping my mouth she turned and threw her arms around me. She started crying even harder into my shoulder. I hugged her back. I told her that everything was going to be fine. I didn't know that this was true, but an ex-girlfriend of mine always told me that if a woman is crying, they want to be told that everything is going to work out, even if it isn't.

I continued to hug her as the train pushed on. Eventually I looked up to see the whole train silently praising me with their smiles. The woman was bawling just as hard as ever.

This continued as the train hit the stations in the Village and Chelsea where the partygoers left to start their night. I knew my stop was coming up, but I tried to avoid letting the anonymous woman know that sooner or later I had to leave the train as well. When my stop came up I made the motion to get up, but the stranger only grabbed me tighter. I knew she wanted me to stay.

I stayed. She cried. The train finished traveling up through midtown and started its final stretch into Queens. A few stragglers remained, but for the most part I was alone with the woman. We took the train all the way to its last stop in Astoria, Queens. The doors opened, but the woman wasn't moving. We sat at the last stop for a minute or two. When the cleaning crew got on and told us to leave, she bolted up, still hanging on to me. We left the train and walked out of the station. Her tears were still coming. We walked through the suburban streets of Astoria for several blocks. At last we stopped at what I assume was the front door of her apartment building. She let me go for the first time that night. She looked up at me and muttered a thank you, then gave me one final hug. Then she pulled out her keys and walked in the door. I walked back to the train station.

VITO FUN

### My Dad Died Twice

MY FATHER PASSED AWAY A LITTLE over two years ago. The old man and I were close. He wasn't perfect, but once you become a father yourself you realize how hard it can be and that nobody can do it without making any mistakes.

He'd been sick for a long time (congestive heart failure—quit smoking now, people) and we knew the end was in sight. He was declared ineligible for a heart transplant, so that pretty much meant it was time to "put things in order."

Anyway, I got a call from my mom: "Dad has collapsed and is in the hospital. This might be it, come right away." I flew over there as fast as I could and found my mom. After a few minutes the nurses told us we could come in and see him. We sit with him a little, and then an alarm on the stuff next to his bed starts going off. The nurses usher us to a little room in the ER and tell us to wait. A few minutes later our worst fears are realized. The doctor addresses my mother and me. They did all they could, but he is gone. We thanked him and asked to go see Dad. They let us, and there he was, pale and sickly, not breathing. Though it was not unexpected, the grief was still overwhelming. There was a lot to do though—people to be called and arrangements to be made. My first call was to work, to tell them I wouldn't be in for a few days. My mom did the same thing and then we began to call close relatives. A good 15 minutes had gone by when the doctor reappeared looking very grave and told us that he had to talk to us.

My mom and I exchanged looks. Didn't he do that already? What is he, really, really dead now? "I'm afraid I have some difficult news," he told us. Now we were sure he was crazy. Did he forget he'd already told us? He went on, "Your husband/father is alive."

We were incredulous: "What is this, the Middle Ages? Don't you have machines and stuff for this? How can this happen?" He was at a loss, and I kind of felt for him. Ironically, it was harder to tell us that he was alive then it was to tell us that he had died! He hastened to add that my dad was almost certainly brain-damaged, and would die in a few hours or maybe a day.

Wrong on both counts. A few hours later he was sitting up in the ICU while my mom and I chatted with him. Sorry to disappoint all you New Age types, but there was no light, no tunnel, no out-of-body experience, no visit from long-dead relatives.

Now the hard part came: Remember all those people we called? Now we had to call them back. You haven't experienced the old clichéd "emotional rollercoaster" until you've said goodbye to your dead father at 6:00 and gotten him more lime Jell-O at 8:00!

He did die not that long after, and at the funeral I started the eulogy by saying, "Just so you know, we're absolutely sure this time." There was a nervous titter, then raucous laughter. The priest looked at me like I was crazy. I had to explain it later.

Even now my mom and I joke about it, inventing lines the doctor could have delivered: "I'm afraid your father is double secret dead... Your father is dead, and we have it on good authority he is in hell... I'm afraid your father is dead—and his check bounced."

I always just tell people my dad died twice—the second time it took.  
LEO FEARPINI

### Dead On Arrival

THIS MUST HAVE BEEN ABOUT 25 years ago. I was 18 and I was getting wasted with my born-again Christian pal and my Nazi skinhead pal. We had been drinking Labatt 50 all day and doing MDA (an early version of E).

So we're riding the Toronto subway, which back then had these old wooden trains called Red Rockets that had the lights that went on and off every time it left the station. They must have been from the 60s. We have a whole car of the train to ourselves, and we decide to have a death match. We're all pretty big guys and we're feeling no pain, so we just start HURLING



## Heavy Shit

each other against the walls of the train. At one point the skinhead pal throws me so hard I open the window a crack. That was one of the weirdest things about these cars: The windows opened. It wasn't easy, but if you really pushed you could open them. So I push the window open even further and the whole car has all this wind rushing through it, which felt fucking amazing. Then I look out the open window and see lights careening past at what appears to be about two million miles an hour. Holy shit. I call the other guys over and tell them they have to see this beautiful light show. One particular light seemed to hypnotize me and I reached out to tap it very lightly as we whizzed by. It was one of the many light signals that the conductor uses to figure out how far the next station is. Well, if I'd had a more sober brain in my head at the time I'd have realized that you can't tap things when you're whipping by them. Hmmm. Just as I was considering this, the light pole grabbed my arm and ripped it back out of the window, smashing all the glass around it, cracking off the edge of the window frame, and then hurling it back at my head like it was a baseball bat trying to kill me. My head then pounded into what was left of the window and knocked me out cold. My arm was broken in three places and had given me such a severe concussion when it snapped back that they had to drill a hole in my head to let out the fluid. Of course, I don't remember any of this as I WAS FUCKING DEAD!!!

That's right. When I got to the hospital both my eyes were little cartoon Xs and I was DOA. Apparently that thing where they go, "All clear" kzzzzt, actually works because, as you may have guessed, I'm alive now. They say I was dead for about two minutes, or whatever is just short of so long you have brain damage. I'm not sure if I believe that though, because I'm 42 now and still looking for a job as a painter. And I live with my Mom.

Anyway, when I woke up there was a priest in my room. Apparently they have them in all hospitals for last rites or whatever. He was really eager to know if I saw anything and what was I like and all that. I guess it's a shitty job talking to people who are about to die all day and he wanted to make sure there was actually something out there after you die that would make his terrible job worth it. He kept asking and asking, but all I had to say was, "I have nothing to tell you about what's out there because a) I was wasted out of my mind, and b) I was dead."

JOE BRADY

## Lonely Crackheads

WHEN I WAS 24, LONELINESS CAUSED me to start dating a female friend whom I

really loved and respected but didn't really want to fuck. For some reason, she was completely in love with me. The worst part was that we both rented rooms in the same house along with several other assholes. After about two months of us being together, she went on a three-week vacation to some tropical resort and I had hopes she would have sex with some island man and then return to break up with me out of guilt. I should also mention that I had a very good engineering job at the time and made great money for a 24-year-old.

As soon as my girlfriend left, I went out and bought crack off a crusty, fortysomething sack of shit. We got high in an alley and then I invited him back to my home to smoke more crack with me. He brought some fellow crack addicts: An 18-year-old white girl and a seventysomething black man (who I really ended up liking). We smoked crack on into the night, and I immediately started fucking the 18-year-old. That night turned into three weeks of crack smoking. My roommates discovered that shit had been taken from their rooms while I was at work, but still somehow never knew about my pet junkies because of my secluded place on the other side of the house. It even had a separate entrance. I missed ten days of work, and the days I did show up I was covered in dried jizz and smelled like I shit myself. It was like I'd entered an alternate reality and I couldn't give a flying fuck what anybody back in the real world thought of me.

But then I woke up one morning and realized I had to go pick up my real girlfriend and her mother at the airport, so I told my new friends that I was moving three states away and made them leave that day in an insane panic.

My girlfriend came back and, over the next month, I really did quit my job, break up with her, and move three states away to finish college. I tried to stay her friend.

The worst part came when the 18-year-old, who must have come back looking for me at first, started renting my old room. I started getting nightly calls from my friend/ex-girlfriend about the awful little drug addict bitch that was now living in my old room and who always had these two crusty old black druggies with her. I was so paranoid that she knew and was fucking with me, but I played along. Miraculously they never actually had a conversation because everyone in the house was focused on alienating the 18-year-old and getting her thrown out, which they did after five weeks when the girl was arrested for stabbing another woman in the lung for fucking her new boyfriend, the fortysomething drug dealer. I was never so relieved to hear that someone got stabbed in the lung than when my friend/ex-girl-

friend read me the article from the local paper. She never knew that I had been ass-fucking the perpetrator, high on crack, while we were dating.

CHUCK FLANNIGAN

## Death Rattles

A FRIEND OF MINE USED TO WORK IN A mental asylum. It was in the middle of the woods in the East German countryside. It had to be there because the people in the asylum were really fucking crazy. There was this one guy, Mr. Schmidt, who had to be strapped to his bed the whole day. The only time he wasn't strapped down was when my friend was washing him. He had to do this every day. My friend worked there for three months and saw this guy every day. He always said hello and spoke to him but the guy never answered back. He never said a single word.

Then one day my friend went in to wash Mr. Schmidt and he saw him sitting up in bed, looking out the window, whistling. "Beautiful day, isn't it?" he said. He then asked him to sit down and he started explaining all about himself. What he was like as a kid, the first girl he slept with, the affair he'd had, how he'd killed a guy in the war. It was his whole life story. When he finished, my friend ran off to tell the nurses. When they heard what Mr. Schmidt was doing, the nurses screamed for a doctor. My friend was totally confused. The nurses said Mr. Schmidt was about to die.

When some guys are mentally fucked-up, they shut themselves off from the rest of the world. Then, just before they're about to die, their bodies release endorphins to help with the pain. The thing is, these hormones also shake the guys out of the little mental room they've been living in for the past 30 years. When they get back into the real world, they want to explain all the stuff they never had a chance to before. The nurses and doctors all rushed down the corridor to Mr. Schmidt's room. They found him lying dead on his bed.

MORGIN VUSKOP

*I would only like to say: The winner is...*

## WINNER: DEATH RATTLES

Morgin Vuskop: "Thank you. Thank you everybody. I'm glad you liked my story. I have told that story about 200 times in my life and I hope I never have to tell it again. I will just hand them this issue of the magazine and say 'Feel free to ask any questions.' I hope you all learned something about death from this or at least endorphins and I'd like to thank the judges for acknowledging that my story teaches people."

The collage features a variety of adult-themed advertisements and classifieds. At the top, there are several small ads for "FRESH RAGS CLOTHING COMPANY" and "Sable & Pandora". Below these, there are larger ads for "TRISTA" and "Jasmine". A prominent ad for "I PARTY TILL PARTY OVER!" is visible. In the center, there is a large ad for "Regan" with the phone number 714-555-5000. At the bottom, there is a large ad for "VEECE" with the website www.VEECE.com. The collage also includes various other ads for "FRESH RAGS CLOTHING COMPANY", "Sable & Pandora", "TRISTA", "Jasmine", "I PARTY TILL PARTY OVER!", "Regan", and "VEECE".



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Vanessa: Trasteverine dress, vintage necklace. See her story on page 104.



## The First Annual Story Awards Rock and Roll

A good rock and roll story makes you feel like shaking around and having a good time. OK, everybody? The nominees for Best Rock and Roll Story are...

### Echo & The Bunnymen In Drag

I WAS LEAVING PORTLAND'S PREMIER venue, Louis La Bambas, when the saxophonist from local cabaret-rock act Danse Combo muttered some cheeky little remark to me. I dropped the nut on him, knocking his two front teeth out and leaving him unable to play his instrument, for which I am eternally ashamed (and was sued). I got 86'd from the club for that bit of drunken unmanageability, and the consequence was that I couldn't enter the venue where all the best new bands performed. This was in the 80s, and I had just watched Bow Wow Wow there. I was seriously distressed at the time, and ruminated about what I would do in the future.

Anyway, it had just been announced that Echo & the Bunnymen were playing, and having followed the development of Ian McCulloch's writing talent, I was absolutely determined that come hell or high water, I would somehow be there.

Brenda French, the lead singer from Anglo-American ska band the Dots, devised this harebrained scheme wherein I'd go dressed in drag. I'd use her fake ID (drinking age is 21 over there, and we were both kids) to gain entry. She spent the whole afternoon getting everything just right: The spiky wig, the makeup, and the mandatory suspenders. I felt a right twat and was beginning to think that perhaps this wasn't such a good idea.

Wasn't I amazed then when I swanned straight through the door of La Bambas, and with Tony, the venue owner who had barred me, on the desk? There I was, talking out the side of my neck to Brenda on my left as we took in Echo & the Bunnymen. I felt the hairs on my neck stand up as I came to realise that Tony was standing on my right, and giving my androgynous self the once over.

"Shit!" I thought, looking for a means of escape.

"Would you like to come downstairs for a little marching powder?" he inquired ten-

tatively, raising an eyebrow and gesticulating with an index finger across one nostril.

By this time I was increasing in confidence. I decided there and then to capitalize on it.

"Why yes," I replied, giving him my most demure look and Southern-belle accent. (I'm from Glasgow, so God only knows how strange it sounded.)

I snorted the lot in one whiff and deposited his £100 bill in my bra strap. My drug of choice, unbeknownst to him, was MORE, and I definitely had the lion's share that night. I waltzed back up the stairs as I patted his arse promisingly.

Well, the nonverbal communication from Brenda when I got back upstairs was almost as loud as the band as she inquired, "What the fuck?" with staring eyes. I told her, and she fell about the place in stitches.

Later on, as the club emptied out onto the pavement, Brenda and I made our grand exit. Tony was sitting at the door bidding everyone farewell. As I passed him I looked down to my left, batting the false eyebrows, pulling off the wig...

"Magic night, Tony!" I said, in the thickest hairy-arsed Glaswegian that I could muster, looking him right in the eye.

"And cheers for the nosebag and the c-note," I said, waving the money in his face. His jaw fell like a turd hitting the porcelain. HARRY MULLIGAN

### Hardcore Kids And Black Bikers Unite

I WAS LIVING IN A PART OF PHILLY known as Fishtown. It was a white ghetto, under the shadow of the EL Train by the Girard Avenue stop. We lived in a tiny house on a grid of tiny houses, most no more than ten feet wide and one room deep. The houses were known locally as "father, son, and holy ghosts" on account of the fact that they were made up of three rooms piled on top of each other, connected by a steep half-wind of a staircase that was lethal when you were drunk. And most of the Fishtown residents were drunks.

During this time I was a punk rocker, sporting bright pink hair. Because it was 1982 and American hardcore punk was in its formative state, and because none of the rock clubs in town would book anyone less established than the Dead Kennedys, we were forced to find a way to do things for ourselves.

At the time there was a heavy regional game of hardcore brinkmanship going on. The reigning crews were pretty much the (Washington) DC punks SOA and Minor Threat and the Boston crew SSD (Society System Decontrol)—all of whom were

straight-edge. As they spent no time drinking or fucking they seemed to have plenty of time for fighting.

The New York City punks were a nefarious lot: They drank, took drugs, stole your equipment and your girlfriend, and never paid to get into shows.

The DC punks and the Boston punks were all middle-class or working-class white boys. The Boston crew was heavily peppered with jocks, hooligans, and thugs. They wanted a fight and found it easier to beat up punks than other jocks. I remember Al Barile from SSD used to have his guitar covered in Bruins stickers and had biceps the size of tree trunks.

By comparison, the Philly punks were a bunch of softies. SOA came to play at the Starlight Ballroom and we were only saved from getting our asses kicked by the visiting DC punks through the graces of the local Kensington thugs who came down with baseball bats.

Inspired by the efforts of some California punks who were calling themselves the Better Youth Organisation and whose slogan was "Unite, Don't Fight," a bunch of us formed a Philly punk co-op to put on shows, the ultimate aim being to save enough money to permanently inhabit some kind of space for gigs, rehearsals, fanzines, skateboard ramps, etc. We rented halls from Elks Lodges, church groups, and whoever was broke enough to let a bunch of 20-year-olds put on a rock show.

The idea of doing a show "uniting, not fighting" with bands from each of the main East Coast contingents came up. A couple of girls said they had a phone number for Ian MacKaye of Minor Threat. We ended up deciding on Minor Threat for DC, SSD for Boston, and Agnostic Front for New York, with Flag Of Democracy and Crib Death representing Philly. The girls with MacKaye's phone number were put in charge of finding a venue. They came up with a place in Camden, New Jersey, just across the Delaware River from Philly, and easy enough to get to on the PATCO trains. The venue was called Buff Hall, and was owned and operated by the local Firemen's Legion. They booked the venue for November 20th.

On the night of the show we turned up early to do the usual setting up and we realized that Camden was kind of like Fishtown, only black.

Minor Threat turned up first and unloaded. Not long after, the guys from SSD pulled up in their van outside and Ian MacKaye ran over to the curb to say hello to the guys. He leaned into the dri-

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ver's window to parley with his buddies, all of whom were caught unaware as a car came hurtling around the corner at top speed, swerved out of control, and broad-sided the SSD van, sending it skidding sideways and MacKaye flying to land headfirst on the pavement. The car sped off without stopping.

MacKaye was bleeding everywhere and had to be taken to the hospital to have his head examined. The SSD guys had understandably taken an immediate dislike to the whole enterprise. Whether Minor Threat or SSD would play the show, or indeed whether MacKaye would even survive was all up for debate. Meanwhile, the Agnostic Front crew had arrived and had around 20 "roadies" helping them load in. The NYC crew were notorious for their scams to avoid paying on the door. "The roadie" was just one of them.

The local Camden kids had gotten wind of something strange going down in their hood. As the white kids from the suburbs got off the trains from Philly or Jersey they were being ambushed and mugged. Somehow the "unite, don't fight" message had failed to reach the streets of Camden. Kids were turning up at the venue door with teary eyes if they were lucky (black eyes if they weren't), begging for sanctuary. Meanwhile, the NYC kids were trying to lift beers and candy bars from the local liquor store and make it through the Buff Hall door by whatever means necessary, so long as it didn't involve paying.

The venue quickly got packed. The kids working the door were being wimps and a bunch of NYC kids were sneaking in, so I took door duty for a while to tighten up our operation.

That's when I heard this: "Errr, there are 12 large black guys who want to come in. They don't want to pay. They say they are the Ghetto Riders and their clubhouse is next door. What should I do?"

I walked to the door, took one look at the Ghetto Riders, and knew I had no choice. I was too young and too dumb to have known the lessons of Altamont, so I let them in.

The Ghetto Riders were a black motorcycle club formed as an even-more-outlaw chapter of the already outlaw Wheels of Soul from Atlantic City, who themselves were too black and mean to consider forming a Hell's Angels chapter. The Riders traded in two things: Drugs and violence. This was our straight-edge holocaust.

MacKaye returned from the hospital and decreed that the gig would go on, never mind the concussion or the egg-size lump on the back of his head. SSD followed Minor Threat's lead and, miraculously, we had a gig again.

As it happens, the Ghetto Riders saved our skinny white suburban asses. As soon as they got inside and dug the party, the word hit Camden's streets: Buff Hall is a RIDERS PARTY tonight. We had no more shit from the locals—no more kids getting beat up outside, at least. The Riders partied hard, joining the mosh pit, and making creative attempts at stage diving.

Agnostic Front and SSD played sets of arrogant swagger and controlled violence, respectively. AF's John Watson guaranteed that the NYC boys made a sound showing in the pit, all smurf hats and low, menacing slow-motion circles.

By the time Minor Threat started playing the air was so thick with anticipation, testosterone, fear, and anger it seemed as if Buff Hall could explode. And indeed it did. Minor Threat played something more akin to a siege than a set. I'm convinced that the biggest reason they played was that they knew not playing was more dangerous than taking the stage.

But c'mon, give the Riders a break. They've wandered into their first hardcore gig. The joint is a wall-to-wall whirlpool of bodies, like one of those cartoon fights with a cloud of dust and like a few arms and legs poking out. Everyone appears to be beating the mortal fuck out of each other—appears to be, but isn't.

Miraculously, Minor Threat survived the set, and, as far as I know, so did the rest of the bands and the crowd. I declined an invitation to carry the party on at the Riders' clubhouse, a decision I don't regret at all.

ALLISON SCHNACKENBERG

### Levellers Up My Ass

I USED TO DATE A GIRL WHO LOVED that terrible faux-crusty folk indie band the Levellers.

"Battle Of The Beanfield" was one of their biggest hits. Their fans were all rich white kids with dreadlocks who lived in caravans for a couple of years after leaving university, before settling down to work in Dad's bank or open up their own "weird cutlery and candles" stall in Camden market. Absolute cunts.

It was Christmas day and, for my sins, I'd bought her their singles compilation *Hear Nothing, See Nothing, Do Something*.

I regretted doing this after she'd played the fucking thing three times in a row while we ate our vegan Christmas dinner. I pleaded with her not to play it over and over, but this just made her determination to play it even stronger.

On literally the seventh round of the CD coming to an end, I told her that if she played it again I would "stick that fucking CD up my ass because it's shite." Perhaps

unsurprisingly, she pressed play one more time. I grabbed the CD player, took the disc, pulled down my pants, and wedged the Levellers' greatest hits right up my jacksie.

I was pretty drunk at the time, so when I started dancing around the room in vengeful glee, I tripped over the coffee table and fell, right on my ass, breaking and smashing the CD into the delicate walls of my anal cavity.

Have you ever smashed a CD? The pieces are very small and jagged. I spent the remainder of Christmas day in Accident & Emergency, having the splinters plucked out of my hairy asshole while my girlfriend sat next to me crying.

DARREN O'BRIEN

### Agnostic Timezones

AGNOSTIC FRONT WERE ON TOUR AND they were due to play in my town, whose name I'm not going to tell you because I'm scared of the guy that's in this story. Apparently their guitarist Vinnie Stigma isn't exactly a rocket scientist and he woke up in the van headed to the show freaking out. He thought he slept way too late. So he yelled at Steve Martin, who was driving at the time, "What fucking time is it? When is the show?" and Steve goes, "Relax Vinnie, we don't go on until nine." That's when Vinnie totally loses it and screams, "IT'S 8:99 YOU FUCKING IDIOTS. IT'S 8:99!!!"

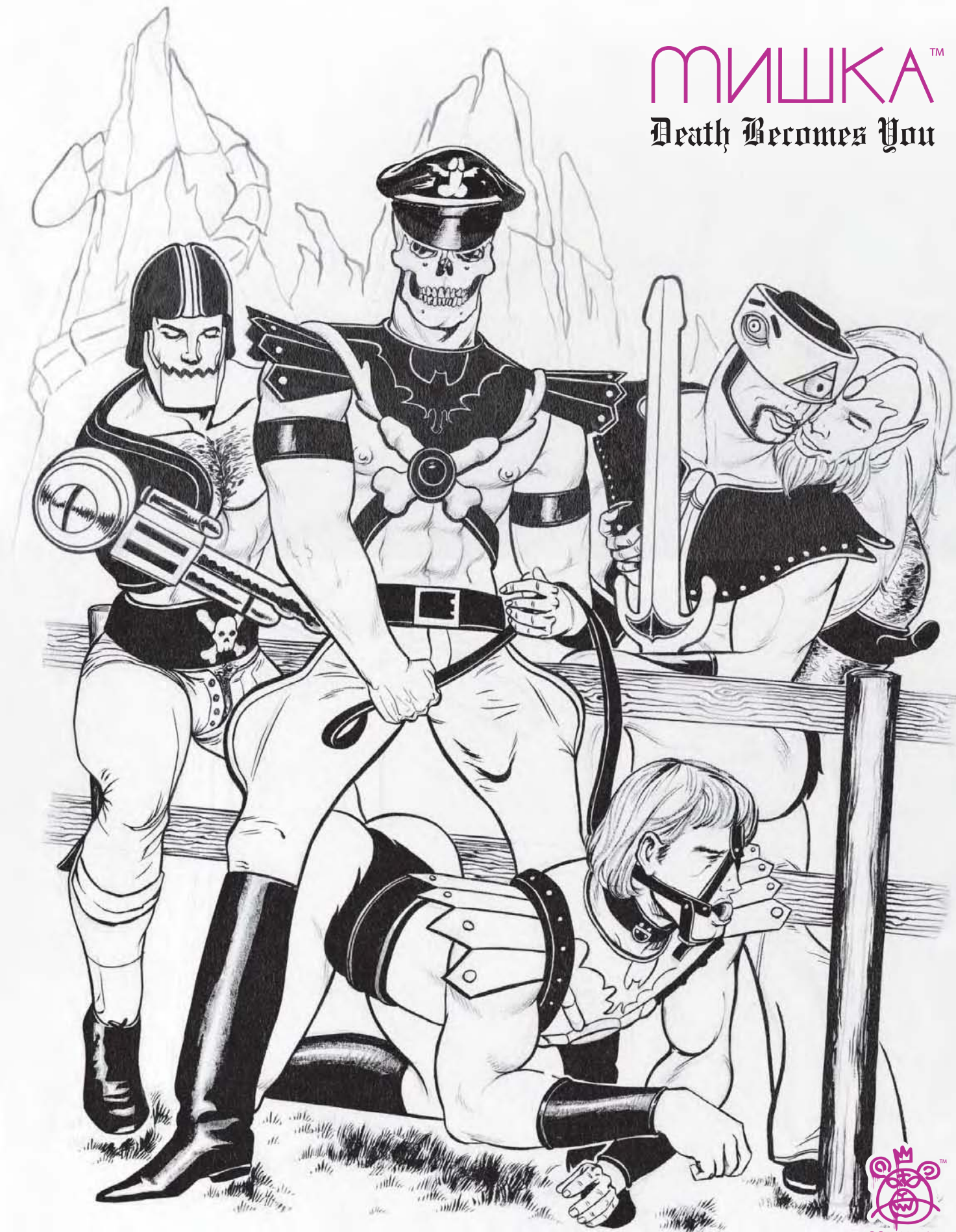
The radio was on 89.9 FM.

JIMBO JIMBERTON

### Integrity Beatdown

I LIVED OUT IN CLEVELAND FOR LIKE A year and a half with my ex-girlfriend. She's part of Integrity's crew with whom we had beef from back in the day. It all started when I went on tour in '92 with Sick of It All, Biohazard, and Sheer Terror. They played a show in Peabody's in Cleveland. Toby from H2O was on the road with me too, and I guess his wife's named Moon? Anyway she had beef with Dwid from Integrity and the guy punched Moon in the face. He had a reason for doing it, but I don't know what the reason was. I was with Toby, so I saw that, knocked the kid out, and chased the rest of the band outside. And that was it. I guess Dwid found out I used to be in a band called Crown of Thorns, and told people I was just like a little hardcore kid instead of the real thing. Whatever, I never paid any attention to it. But then I went to Europe and he was talking shit, and I was like, "Yo, come on." People were saying, "Come on, this guy's crazy. He reads *Dianetics*." So I was like, "All right, get outta here." But he was giving me more shit, and I was like, "What is he, fucking crazy? Obviously he's fucking crazy." I was getting furious at this point.

So I moved to Cleveland with my girl and



Tom of Eternia Illustrated by Robin Nishio for MISHKA



I went to play pool at the same place as these guys. After like two to three hours of playing pool they come up and go, “What’s up with you?” and I was like, “What’s up? You guys have a beef?” They go, “No, no, we love fucking hardcore.” So that was pretty cool, and they told this Dwid dude to give me a call. He calls up and I say, “No talking, meet me outside. We’ll take care of it like men.” So he calls back, you know, “No, it’s all right, whatever. Everything’s cool, you know, this and that, it’s over.” So cool, you know? We shoot the shit for a while, but it’s over, right? So then I leave.

My girl calls me up like four weeks later going, “Yo, fuck this guy.” I was like, “Why?” She tells me, “He called back and started talking shit to my brother while I was away from the phone.” She’d gone to the bathroom, and he’d called back and was making fun of her brother, saying stupid stuff about Ebonics and New York City and everything. So it was on now.

I went to Holland to play this show like 30 minutes away from where he was playing, so we drove out there. Basically I was in Europe thinking they can’t press charges on me, so me and my boy Boston Mike, rest in peace, and my boy Goat—it was us three, we went to his thing looking for him. I see their tour manager, this European guy, so we grab him in an alleyway, put him in the frickin’ van—basically kidnap the guy—and started questioning him, “Where is he?” We get the address and head over to it. It’s this old European, Swiss Miss-like bed and breakfast, you know—very country. So we go upstairs, put on a European accent like “Ello?” but they don’t answer. So then I was like, “Fuck that.” I kick the door down and everyone’s running. The band is already running through another door in their room, trying to get outside and jump the fence.

Dwid comes running up and goes, “Yo, what’s up?” kinda like, “Hey, it’s me, I’m sorry.” He walks up to me, and I just punch him in the face, one shot. Then I proceeded to beat him down, bad.

I had ten stitches in my hand from this cut I’d got, so I was like, “God, I can’t hit him that hard.” As a result I was beating him with a 40-ounce of Coca Cola, like one of those European bottles. It’s fucking him up, but I wanna really beat him good. I make his bandmates watch, and he’s on the floor like, “You are the king, you are the king,” and I’m like, “Yo, stop it, please. Be a man. Get up.” But he keeps going, “No, you are the king of hardcore. I’m a bitch, I’m a little bitch”—which makes me more furious cause I don’t know if he’s mocking me or something and it’s really fucking my head. So I beat him even more. I grab his arm and twist it and I hear a pop, and that was it. I broke his ribs, his cheekbones. It



was really bad.

He’s on the floor bleeding and I’m like, “That’s it. I got no more.” He goes, “I don’t want to lose my band over you, even though I deserve it.” And I say, “You’re a little bitch, you’ve deserved it seven to eight years in the making.”

It was funny because all the guys in the band, like Frank, became my boys when I lived in Cleveland. I played basketball and hung out with them every day. But basically, that was it. He had to have plastic surgery in Europe for his cheekbones and everything—his ribs were broken, his nose and jaw were broken, his arm was dislocated. Then he went back to his house, and found his wife fucking some guy. So the poor guy—I feel bad for him. I wouldn’t wish that on anyone.

There was another guy, Chubbie Fresh, who was also in Integrity and used to talk all this shit too. He used to prank all our houses when we were kids, which is how it all started. That kid, he played with Motörhead in Cleveland, and he was on the phone and I punched him dead in his face. He ran and brought the cops back to the show, so I had to hide. They ended up arresting one of the guys from Hatebreed by accident, then I came back and played the show anyway.

But then when I lived in Cleveland I caught him again. The Lunachicks were playing in like the Grog Shop or somewhere, and he pulled up on a Ninja motorcycle all guido’d out with cow spots on it. So I go up to him like, “What’s up?” He goes, “Oh, that old beef is over, when you beat down Dwid,” and I go, “No, it’s not over,” and I punch him again in his fucking face. One of

his friend comes up like, “Yo, that’s my boy.” I go, “Mind your business,” and he goes, “This is my business,” so I punched him and knocked him out too. I ran inside the club—this was by myself—got the bouncer, and with the bouncer started taking beer bottles off the bar and smacking them across the guy’s face.

I was living in Murray Hill, so I went back to my house, but then I was like, “Yo, I bet someone’s going to rat me out on where I live.” So I take my dog and I’m going up the street, and all of a sudden I see cops coming down my block. So I go the other way with my dog, and the cops go down to my place and are talking to my girl or whatever, and who do I see around the other corner? Chubbie Fresh standing there on his motorcycle with his helmet off, posing with his hand on his hip and the other on the handlebar. I go “What’s up?” and he sees me and starts yelling, “Oh my god, he’s here! He’s here!” So I let my dog loose on him. He starts running, my dog Ajax is biting his tires, and he goes over to grab the cops to come back after me. I had to hide in the forest in Ohio for like an hour and a half covering my dog’s mouth so he wouldn’t bark at the cops. DANNY DIABLO

*And the winner is... Danny Diablo for Integrity Beatdown!*

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Mauricio: Y's suit and shirt. See his story on page 104.

## The First Annual Story Awards Romance

Though fighting and being gross and things like this are very funny to the young people, everyone knows that nothing beats love. That's all that counts. The nominees for Best Romance Story are...

### Orgasmo

IT WAS MY BIRTHDAY, AND I WAS SITTING at work. I always like to do something on my birthday—I hate birthday parties, but I like to do something else to spoil myself. It's Friday afternoon, I'm sitting at work and I'm like, "I want to do something," so I decide I should go to my house in Argentina.

I call up the airline, and I have enough air miles or whatever so that I don't have to pay for it, and so I say, "Fuck it, I'm going to go down." They say, "OK, well there's one leaving in two hours." So I get in a taxicab with nothing, and just go straight to the airport and fly down. I get there and there's a hotel which is also a casino. I tell myself, "I'm not going to gamble this time. I'm kind of tired. I'm just not going to go downstairs at all."

I check in and I go up to my room. I'm lying there in bed and I hear the slot machines going off: "Dingdingding dong-dongdongding" all over like madness, so I'm like, "Maybe I'll just go down and play a few hands." I go down and order a rum and start playing some blackjack. Cut to two hours later: I'm surrounded by about 50 women. Every time you get \$500 they give you a chit, and I'm just covered in chits, they're falling out of my pants. So they all see this—and this is like two years' salary to them—they just see this drunk American dude with chits falling out of his pants. Since it was my birthday, I go, "OK, you, you, you, you, and you." I pick five girls. And one of the girls—the one I later called Orgasmo—I said to her and one of the others, "You go get an ounce of blow, and you get a case of champagne." I gave them a few chits each and then I went up to my room. I want to mention that these girls were NOT hookers. They were just local girls with shitty jobs who come to the casino at night looking for guys with money to pay for them to party. If you all end up fucking, so be it. If you give them some money as a gift, so be that too. But they are not hookers by any means.

So we go up to my room, and there's like a mountain of blow on the table. It's

like *Scarface* or something. We're drinking champagne and I start naming everybody. The reason I called the one girl Orgasmo is because she took off all her clothes right away and started snorting coke. She'd just snort a big, huge line then start rubbing her pussy furiously going, "*Orgasmo, orgasmo.*" So her name was pretty easy. Then there was this one who was actually Colombian called Love and Rockets. I called her Love and Rockets after the comic because she had big, huge tits then a narrow waist, then a big, huge ass. I can't remember what I named the other ones, fucking Lolita and Puss 'n Boots or something.

So we get down to it, and we're fucking, and I'm like the guy from the Bolshoi—you know how he'd get them to put a pencil in their ass to choreograph them because that was the only way he could get them to work? I'm like, "You suck her ass, and then *you* lick my ass, and then *you* put your toe in her fucking pussy, or whatever." So I'm doing all that and fucking them, and then I come or whatever. But I've been doing a lot of blow, right? I've got these five horny girls in my room and all this champagne and stuff, but I can't get a boner anymore cause I've just come and I'm on half of fucking Bolivia. So you're sitting there going, "Well, what can you do?" Well, of course there's water-sports, as is my proclivity.

So I go into the bathroom with Lolita and Puss 'n Boots, and I'm in there with the shower going and they're just pissing. Pissing on me as I whack off, pissing on my knees, whatever. I sort of get a little wired and I put my leg through the wall of the shower. I kick out and put a hole in the wall. But who cares? The pissing keeps going, I bring in the B-team—more piss. Water's coming down. So this keeps going for a while and then I hear this BANG!! Cops come into my room, with all these nude girls and massive amounts of blow.

What's happened is, the water's gone down into the hole that I've kicked in the shower wall, down the elevator shaft to where the one-armed bandits are, and shorted out all the slot machines in the casino. So they were banging on my door to try and get me, but a) the music's too loud, and b) I'm way back in the bathroom with the water going and two girls squealing as they piss on my knees, so I don't hear anything.

So they've called the cops, and the cops come in and I'm standing there naked looking like the father from *An Officer and a Gentleman* with all these young girls around. Now I have to pay off the cops—

which is always a delicate situation—and to make matters more difficult I've hidden all my money. I'd rolled it up in a bunch of different towels and hid it in a bunch of toilet-paper tubes, cause I didn't want to get rolled with so much fucking money—five local girls means five sets of sneaky fingers. So I'm surreptitiously taking the money out of the towels, the cops finally leave, and we're all just sitting there like it's the calm after the storm. Like, "What do we do now?"

Puss 'n Boots and Lolita leave, Love and Rockets sort of hangs out for a bit then leaves, but Orgasmo isn't going anywhere. So, I'll never forget, she sat down to take a piss, and I put my balls on the rim of the shitter, and the coolness of the porcelain just cooling my balls down—I just let fly right into her pussy as she pissed. Then she got a bit mad at me, because I was so into the pissing and was like, "Drink your own piss, baby," and she got sort of freaked out. But still she wouldn't leave, she wanted to keep the party going.

Anyways, I'm sitting there, wired for sound with Orgasmo, and I'm like, "Maybe we'll go back downstairs for a bit." So we go downstairs to play a bit more, it's like four or five in the morning—the sun is imminent—and I'm supposed to be going to my house to relax, but I'm still in the casino. We go downstairs to sit in the casino, and I last about five minutes before I meet another five girls—completely different set of five—and Orgasmo fucks them all in different ways. And I don't even bother whacking off at this point, cause I'm fucking gone, so I'm just sitting there snorting coke with my big fat belly, drinking wine going, "Lick her pussy. Lick her ass. Now, you lick her pussy as she licks your pussy. Lick her ass. Put that plunger in her ass." I have them doing sort of bathroom things, like plunging their asses with the plunger from the toilet. Then the second army of chicks all leaves, and I'm still sitting there sort of wired and Orgasmo still won't leave. She just sits there snorting coke and rubbing her pussy. This is after she's been like the general of the evening, getting all the troops in line, and she's still rubbing her pussy and going "*Orgasmo, orgasmo,*" as she's snorting coke.

I don't sleep—I just get in a taxi to the airport, fly to my house, sleep for three days, then wake up just crying at the debauch I'd got up to.

JOHN JONES

### A Pube Away From Incest

SHE HAD BEEN "THAT GIRL" IN HIGH school. This was a public high school in



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Brooklyn, so she was a blunt-smoking, tongue-ring-flaunting, high-top-Jordan-wearing, stories-told-about-her-fucked-up-family, gum-popping, white-dudes'-Spanish-girl-ass-obsession-justifying curse-whore. Her name was Amanda and she was exquisite. I spent four years trying to get in her ass. She'd lick the blunt while staring at me. She'd let me push up against her in the halls between classes. She'd laugh when I told her all the ways I'd fuck her. And... nothing. I went away to college without conquering Amanda.

But we stayed in touch, and made plans to meet up over summer break. I thought I knew what was expected, but was disappointed when I arrived to find her sitting with her dad watching TV. They had a ghetto-fabulous apartment. One leather couch and no other furniture except for the humongous television, wired for surround sound. Her dad shook my hand with a no-nonsense kung-fu grip and seemed incredibly comfortable in his reclining portion of the leather couch. When he got up to go "get something" I tried to kiss Amanda's neck but she backed me off sharply. Dad returned with an attractive, locked wooden box and put it on the table in front of us. Best-case scenario, he is going to take me through some family mementos. Worst-case, he's going to threaten me with his handgun. Amanda was expressionless.

He looked at me, looked at her, unlocked the case, and with a sense of great import, pulled out a bag of weed, a bowl, and a block of hash. She grabbed my thigh. "You want to smoke?"

Her dad picked up the TV remote, raised the volume abusively loud, and flipped on a nasty porn with up-close shots of dicks pounding into various holes.

"Um... no thanks," I said, looking at the on-screen fucking. Dad retorted with, "All right, Amanda said you were a man but obviously you're just a bitch."

"C'mon," Amanda said, moving one hand onto my crotch and breathing into my neck, "take a hit."

"No, I'm cool." I said and grabbed at her hand.

"You're such a bitch. You don't even like it when a girl grabs your dick?" her dad said to me, slicing off a piece of hash with a razor.

Her hand opened the top button of my jeans, "I want to show my dad you're a man." My hand held hers still.

"C'mon," he imitated her, conducting his words with the razor, "show my daddy you're a man."

I was holding both her hands down at this point and she'd got one finger inside my jeans, inside my boxers, and scratching at my dick. "Please," in my ear. "Please." She started crawling up my back, tits mashed against my neck.

"Be a man," her dad said again, and playfully stabbed at me with the razor. I was still trying to wrestle her hands off of my dick and she was staring at me like a kitten as her dad kept jokingly poking at me with the razor. Then they locked eyes.

"Come here," he said, grabbing at the top of her shirt and pulling her half over my shoulder. He leaned in and raised the razor to her lips. She nearly kissed it before he sliced down, ripping the shirt that was tight across her tits right down the middle. "Maybe Marty would like you better if you showed him your tits." "Yes, Dad," she said, pulling the shirt off. She straddled me as her dad commanded, tits in my face. "Do you want to fuck her?" he asked. I did. Her tits were amazing but, let's be honest, what the fuck was going on here?

"Be a man," she says.

"Be a man," he sings.

Finally, I cracked. "Fuck this," I said, taking a swing at him and knocking the razor out of his hand. She jumped off of me, tits bouncing against her own face. "Fuck you, you crazy asshole," I said and cocked a fist at him. "Nice," he laughed. "Go ahead now. You kids do what you want." He picked up his bowl and took a hit. Amanda was already back in my lap and had both hands pulling at my pants. Her dad let out a few coughs and said, "Check out her ass, it's amazing" and stared at the porn with a small smile on his face. "Suck my dick," I told Amanda. "Yes Dad," she said. After a couple of strong sucks, I was ready to explode but I still needed to see that fantastic ass I'd been watching. "Stand up," I said. "Take off your pants." She did as told and we got down to business with her dad sitting right there watching his porn and smoking his weed. I swear to god, once I saw her ass I had no other choice.

MARTY NORVICE

## Toddler Liaisons

GROWING UP I HAD A PLAYMATE named Andy who lived in the apartment downstairs from me. Our moms were best friends and we took baths together as babies and all that stuff. One time, when we were about maybe five or six years old, I wanted to play with his Millennium Falcon, but he wouldn't let me. I begged him and he said that I could play with it but only if I sat on his face till he counted to 20. I had no idea why he would want that, so I was like, OK, whatever, and I plopped myself down on his face. I had a skirt and undies on, and I remember rubbing myself against his nose and thinking it felt tickly and like maybe I had to go pee. I counted to 20 while he giggled maniacally and made sniffing noises. It

happened a bunch more times and I never really thought anything of it—I just thought he liked having his face smooshed or something. Then one time he wanted to play with one of my toys, so I said, OK, now you have to sit on MY face and count to 20. So he plops down on my face, pants on, and I can't breathe. I pushed him off of me. I could not see the appeal. His mom caught us eventually and yelled at us to never, ever do that again. All I could figure was that she was worried I would smoosh him to death. Soon after that we weren't allowed to have sleepovers anymore.

Oh and also, he used to make me wipe him after he did number two. One time he had half a poo still sticking out of his butt and he couldn't squeeze it out for some reason so I had to knock the whole thing off into the toilet for him.

KELLY AMNER

## Puerto Rico Day

I HAD THIS FRIEND WHO WAS obsessed with Puerto Rican girls. We were sitting around and he was bitching about how they were impossible for a white guy to get into bed, and a female friend who was with us said, "That's just cause white guys never have the balls to hit on them. It isn't like all Puerto Rican girls hate white guys or something."

My friend took that to heart and that very night, he saw a Puerto Rican girl on the train, walked right up, and started kicking it to her. She was into it! They were talking and flirting, and then he got off at her stop and went to her apartment.

He said while he was having sex with her, she kept saying shit like, "Feels good, yo." That was kind of bumming him out. Not the best vibe in the world. But then he's fucking her and fucking her and he feels something weird. So he pulls out and puts his fingers inside of her and pulls out a fucking used condom! Not his—he wasn't wearing one! He told the girl what he found and she calmy turns her head back with chewing gum in her mouth and goes, "I know. That's bugged out right?"

RYAN MARKS

## The Sock Men

THE ONLY NIGHTCLUB IN MY HOME-town that teenagers were allowed in attracted a mix of skate kids, punks, metal kids, old alcoholics, thugs, sluts, and fucking weirdos. It was the worst nightclub in town.

The two biggest fucking weirdos who frequented the place were a tall guy who looked like he'd done time in prison and his shorter, fatter friend who looked like he was a chromosome away from Down's.



I'm not that scientifically inclined, but the guy was definitely retarded both physically and mentally. He wore eyeliner and his bottom lip stuck out quite a lot. Often he would have to wipe drool from his lips.

The two of them would approach our gang in the nightclub and start up a conversation with us. They always carried a big bag of used socks with them and a bunch of papers that they claimed were "official charity papers." They would ask to buy our socks from us in return for a couple of quid and tell us the socks would be recycled and given to a charity in India or something. I never gave them anything because they gave me the creeps, but we were all really broke with no prospect of employment, so being able to buy another drink in exchange for a pair of socks you'd been wearing all day appealed to a lot of my friends.

A couple of mates would even give them their socks every night and struck up a weird friendship with the pair. I was totally against it. They told me they'd take trips to a decrepit guesthouse where the pair lived and get more involved in the exchange of socks and... other things.

It transpired that the two men were gay foot fetishists who enlisted young boys to commit weird acts with their feet and socks.

Typically, you'd be paid £10 for kicking the retarded guy in the ass 100 times and

then having him lick your feet for five minutes. While this was going on the other guy counted down the number of times his mong friend got kicked and, with a stop-watch, timed how long each of my friends would put their feet, both socked and unsocked, on his face.

As I questioned my friends more and more over the weeks they admitted that things with the sock men had become increasingly lucrative and, worryingly, increasingly sexualized—with a heavy S&M lean.

One night, the retarded man had laid on the bed with his bare buttocks exposed while my friend whipped him with a belt 100 times, kicked him in the face, and then pissed on him. For this he was paid £80.

I informed him that he was basically a rent boy, but he said he didn't mind because he didn't have to do anything sexual himself and he thought that the guys didn't get anything sexual out of it (yeah right) and that it was all for charity.

The fragrant dream ended when a younger boy ran screaming out of the flat after the two men offered him £150 to shit on the retarded man's face. He was OK with this bit, telling himself it was funny because he was so desperate for money, but when they encouraged him to jerk off onto the shit he freaked out, the cops were called, and the two

men were arrested.

In the ensuing newspaper coverage, it was revealed that the men had amassed a small fortune by ripping off gaming and cigarette machines and had used the money to pay young boys to tend to their fucking weird sexual needs. They'd been getting away with it for a year. All my friends were pretty embarrassed by the news coverage.

My favorite line of the story was when they interviewed the policeman who'd led the raid on their house.

"There were socks everywhere," he said. "There were socks hanging from the chandelier, socks on the TV, and socks in the frying pan. It was like an explosion in a sock factory!"  
WALLACE HUGHES

*This is a tie! It seems there's two winners! Just kidding. The winner for most romantic romance story is Ryan Marks for that thing with the Puerto Rican chick who had someone else's used condom in her vagina!*

#### WINNER: PUERTO RICO DAY

Ryan Marks: "Oh man. I guess this isn't fair because it didn't exactly happen to me, but I heard my boy tell it a million times and he always fucks it up. You gotta be chewing the gum hard when you say, 'bugged out, right?' It's what makes the story."



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# Lifetime Achievement Award

Ben Anderson is a guy who the BBC pays to go to the most dangerous places in the world with a video camera.

## I Was Taken Hostage

WE'D JUST GOT OUT OF IRAQ AND APART from a British missile thudding into the sand next to us one day, we didn't have much trouble. Everyone thought the war was going to start while we were there, but it hadn't, so we drove to Damascus and caught a flight to Tehran. I'd been looking forward to this for months. I'd spent hours on Iranian dissident chat-rooms and was convinced I was going to spend the next two weeks partying with gorgeous Persian revolutionaries who threw off their headscarves and drank all night. Tehran is one of the busiest places in the world for plastic surgeons (mostly boob jobs, nose jobs, and even hymen repair) and I was certain I'd make a film that would shock people whose only image of Iran was the mullahs and the crowds chanting "*Marg bar Amrika*" (death to America) at Friday prayers.

But the first few days were a real struggle. Privately people would tell me everything, but when the camera was on they became model citizens of the Islamic Republic. I even interviewed a death metal band who wouldn't tell me why they wanted to commit suicide, which is what most of their songs were about.

On about the fifth day, we had arranged to interview students who were at the famous 1999 demonstrations which were put down by the religious police and their thugs, who used clubs and chains and eventually burned down the students' dormitories. Just before we turned the cameras on, the students told me they didn't want to talk about the demonstrations. I spent an hour trying to get something out of them about the younger generation of Iranians and how they felt about the ruling mullahs, whose average age was in their 70s. Two thirds of Iran's population is under 30.

Then we got a call saying, "Leave as quickly as you can, one by one, and go in different directions." But it was too late. A huge bearded man burst in and started pushing people around. Six or seven smaller grinning men stood in the doorway. He grabbed my passport and shouted something in Farsi with glee when he saw that I only had a tourist visa. He started roughly searching my fixer, who motioned toward his address book, which was on the table in front of me. I tried to slip it under a fruit bowl, but it was no good. He grabbed it and



shouted something else with glee as he read through it. I looked around the room and all the students were terrified, all of their eyes were moist.

Five of the men—who didn't identify themselves or wear any kind of uniform—took me and my producer to their car. They drove us around Tehran for hours and forced me to eat ice cream and these disgusting nuts. The streets of Tehran are covered with huge murals of martyrs from the Iran-Iraq war and from Palestine. Every time we passed a Palestinian mural, the guy next to me asked me if I liked Israel. "Yes," he said, "You love Israel, Benjamin." I have a long thin nose, and the bearded man would later stroke it again and again, saying something to his friends in Farsi that made them all laugh. "Benjamin love Israel." I assumed he was saying that he'd like nothing more than to break my long thin nose.

Eventually we were taken to our hotel. They turned over our rooms, and things gradually got worse. Because we'd thought that the war in Iraq was going to start while we were there, we had taken chemical and biological weapons suits with us. I'd dumped mine in the bottom of the wardrobe. We'd also taken secret camera equipment into Iran. They soon found both, and decided that we weren't journalists at all, but spies. Their job was now to find out whether we were MI6, CIA, or Mossad.

A small table was brought into the room, and a translator told me to sit in front of it. For five hours they asked me questions and got me to write pages and pages of confessions. The translator would read out my confessions, which were all inane, and the

bearded hulk would get up off my bed and storm over, sometimes flipping the table. "*Boop*," he would scream in my ear (Farsi for idiot), "*Boop!*" Often he'd give me a smack or a thump in the back of the head, although never as hard as he could. Other times he would just stroke my nose and make the others laugh with whatever he was saying.

I am often docile when there is violence. It takes a few seconds for me to register what is actually happening and tell myself to react. At one point after Beardy had stroked my nose, he drew his elbow back very far and swung it at my face. He stopped millimeters from my nose and I had one of those docile moments, thinking, "Get ready to duck, he's gonna swing again soon and this time he won't stop." But to everyone else in the room, my docile moment looked like a Bruce Willis moment, and I appeared incredibly brave. The others were slightly stunned and Beardy was enraged, but beaten. He pulled his elbow back and stormed out of the room.

They had also found all the tapes we had shot, and were watching them in the room across the corridor from mine. Occasionally I'd get a glimpse of men going in and out and discussing what they'd seen. I kept thinking about what they were about to see. I'd said that the mullahs were corrupt, wealthy, and had even invented a new Islamic law which allowed temporary "marriages"—sometimes only lasting a few hours—so they could sleep with prostitutes. I'd said that Khomeini must be spinning in his grave.

I kept reassuring myself by thinking that the punches to the back of the head



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meant that they didn't want to leave marks on me—they were under orders from someone to treat us well. Iran and the UK still had diplomatic relations. My series producer back in London knew something was up because he hadn't heard from us, and at about 8 AM one morning, just a few hours after an interrogation session had ended, the hotel manager put a call through to my room while the men were outside. I only had time to tell the series producer that we were in very deep shit and that I didn't think we were about to be freed. Shortly thereafter the men were back, and they ordered us to pack our bags very quickly. Downstairs the hotel manager looked mortified. I was worried that they'd been listening in on the phone call, and that now he was in the shit for putting it through. I was also worried about where we were being taken. I'd said a few very bad things on the tapes about Evin Prison, the notorious hellhole just outside Tehran. There had been stories about prisoners being held in big rooms, blindfolded, and forced to listen as one man was tortured just feet away. There were also stories about stonings there. Beardy had used Evin a few times when my confessions weren't good enough for him. He had told me that after two days there, I would be traumatized for the rest of my life.

As we pulled out of Tehran, I was looking around every corner and expecting to see Evin Prison up ahead. I was relieved when we pulled up outside a huge embassy-type building, although it was surrounded by spiked fencing and I had no idea where we were.

My producer and I both had bedrooms, and a kind of lounge area where we could wait around for the next interrogation, which normally started very late at night and went on until 4 or 5 AM. One of their tactics was to try and catch one of us lying, so they asked us about each other's personal lives. My producer was a lesbian, was married to a lesbian, and had adopted the schizophrenic child of a schizophrenic couple they were very close to. I couldn't lie, and one of the only light moments of the whole experience came when I saw the look on my interrogators' faces when the translator told everyone what I'd said. Even he was amazed. "Wait, she is a gay woman MARRIED to another gay woman?"

When you go to war zones for the BBC, they send you on what's called a "hostile environment" training course. It's run by ex-SAS guys and is supposed to help you detect mines, avoid bullets, survive in the jungle alone, and handle a hostage crisis. The main piece of advice had been to identify the most sympathetic member of your

captor's group and befriend him. The best method was supposed to be a conversation about football or films. If someone was to be beaten or killed, the argument went, he would intervene to make sure it wasn't you or your colleague.

One night Beardy took all the other men out for dinner, but left the man I had identified as the most sympathetic to watch over me in the interrogation room, which was on the top floor of the strange building I was in. I was sitting with my elbows on the table, facing forward, totally exhausted. He was sitting to my side, but he was facing me, restless, as if he was fantasizing about beating the shit out of me. I still thought it was my best chance to try the SAS trick.

"So, you like football?"

"No."

"You like sports?"

"Yes. Violent sports. Kung fu, to the death." He grinned—awful teeth. Right.

"You like films?"

"Yes. Violent films, to the death."

I cursed the hostile environment training course.

"What about you?" he asked. Maybe there was hope after all...

"Yes," I told him, and started listing all the kinds of films I liked.

He interrupted me: "No, you take drugs and watch porn films all day. In Islam this is very bad."

I gave up. I thought our little back-and-forth was over until he started grabbing chunks of the hair on my right forearm and pulling them out slowly.

After a few nights, one of the guys who had served me food came up to me while the men were all in the room next door.

"I saw you the other night and felt very bad for you. These men are very bad. I wish there was something I could do. I am very sorry."

I thought this might be a trick. He was, after all, employed by these same men. In between interrogations I thought about how little resistance I had offered. I thought I should have refused all questions until the UK ambassador was contacted, or maybe a lawyer. There had even been times when I thought I was a pussy because I hadn't attacked one of the men, stolen his gun, and tried to escape. I was careful with the guy who had served me food, thinking he might have been another one of them.

"So why are you working here?"

"I am university graduate, but there is no work—this is all I have. The young people of Iran hate these men, they are animals."

I still didn't trust him.

"What did you study?"

"Philosophy."

"Really? Me too, my favorite was

always Nietzsche."

His face lit up and he told me that Nietzsche was his favorite too. He asked me to wait and stepped aside for about a minute, then jumped back in front of my chair.

"That which not kill me, make me stronger," he said triumphantly. I told him I liked that line a lot. He stepped away again and thought hard for another moment.

"The theory of eternal recurrence!"

He did the same thing a few times, always looking out the door to make sure Beardy and his men weren't coming back. He finally patted my shoulder, apologized again, and dashed off. It was the first time I had smiled in a week.

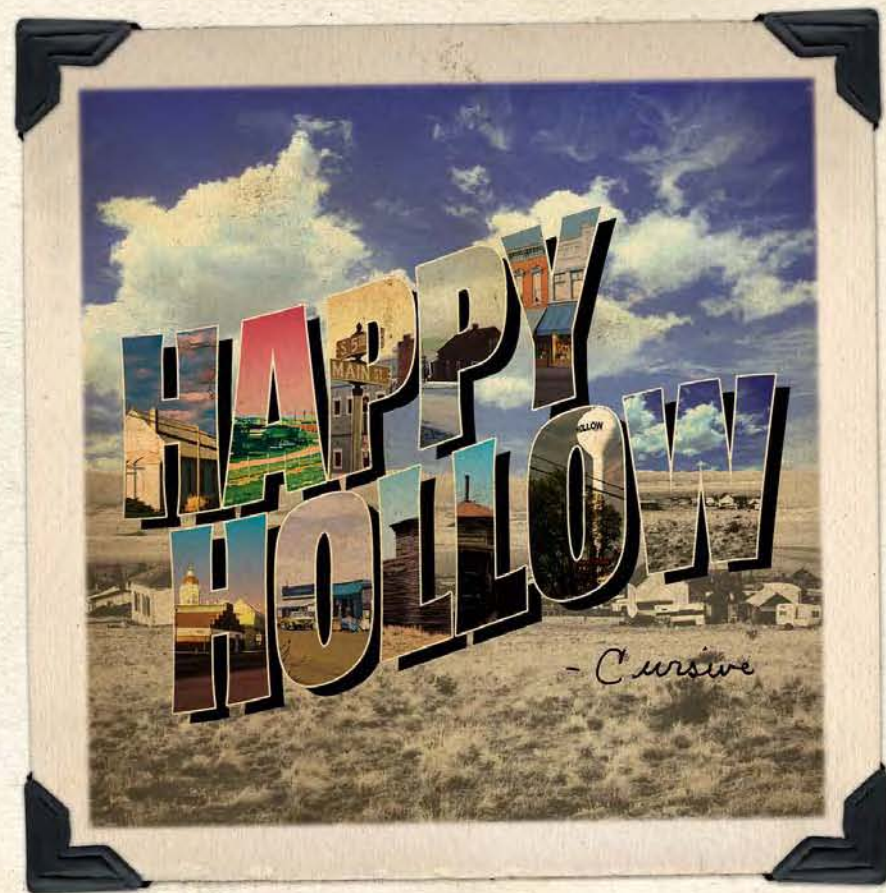
The whole thing lasted eight days. They had threatened torture and even death. Most of the time I thought that was a ridiculous threat, but there were regular moments when I imagined my own execution. I'd seen footage of three teenage rapists who were hanged by cranes high above a public square, just weeks before we arrived. I imagined being driven to a similar square in the back of a blacked-out camper van and being led to another crane in front of hundreds of women in burkas chanting "Marg bar Amrika, marg bar Israel."

But it wasn't to be. After eight days they told us we'd be on a plane home the next morning. Beardy said he wasn't satisfied with any of my answers (I had written about 20 pages of the most mundane information about the BBC, all of which they could have got from the website) but as Iran and the UK had diplomatic relations, he had decided to let us go. Two of the guys drove us to the airport the next morning, but Beardy had our passports and tickets and was two hours late. We only just made the plane, and even as we were walking to the boarding gate they were still trying to provoke me.

I can no longer remember what it was, but I had managed to hide something from them, or managed to get away with a whopping lie. As we went through to the boarding lounge I saw some officials come and talk to Beardy. What they said seemed to alarm him. I got up and told my producer to grab her ticket. We walked up to the boarding desk, showed our tickets, and walked as fast as possible onto the plane. I kept expecting to see Beardy board and pull us off. Departure was taking too long and at one point they even reopened the luggage hold to remove something. "There's no way they are getting me off this plane," I thought, "This time I'll fight. This is too much." It wasn't until I saw the wheels leave the tarmac that I could finally breathe properly. I was too tired to even feel relieved.

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## MEET THE PRESENTERS

The Stories Issue Stars Have Stories of Their Own!



### VERONICA

I grew up in Cozumel on the south side of the Yucatan Peninsula. It was a small town when I was there, but now it's a very touristy place, full of people who go and do snorkeling and scuba diving. I went to New Orleans two years ago to study music. Then the hurricane happened and I moved up here.

**Did you make it out beforehand, or did you get nailed?**

I was in the French Quarter and everybody kept asking me, "Where are you going? When are you leaving?" and I was like, "I'm not going anywhere. I'd rather jump into the water than have to try and leave." Cause when I first arrived in New Orleans there was an evacuation, and that was bad, man. The hurricane never came in, and we had to live in the Superdome and everything, so I was like, "I'm not doing that ever again." Then this friend who had a car found me and was like, "You don't know what you're talking about. Let's go to your apartment, get what we can and leave."

**People have no clue how heavy being evacuated from a huge city is. It would be hell.**

I know, there were old people having heart attacks. You can't even believe you are in this country. But then you have the drunk people who just think like they're going on a little vacation, and will be back in a week and everything will be normal. So they have a little drink and crank up their tunes.



### JORGE

I am from Quetzaltenango in Guatemala.

**Ha ha ha—try saying that fast three times in a row.**

It's the second-largest city in the country.

**Sorry. How'd did you get here?**

Thirteen years ago I came up through Mexico. It took about 15 days. I was with 12 other folks, nine guys and three women. We are lucky we didn't get in any trouble. We walked across the Guatemalan border into Tapachula. Then we took buses across Mexico up to Nogales, and there we crossed into Arizona.

**Which border was harder to get through, the Mexican or the American?**

I didn't see any problems at either. You cross the street and go under a couple rolls of barbed wire.

**That's just great. How'd you get started working up here?**

I stayed in Los Angeles for a couple weeks, then I came to Trenton, New Jersey, and worked in a car wash.

**Were the guys you were working with all right?**

Yes, everybody was from Guatemala. When it was slow we'd have time for sitting around and joking.

**What'd you do back home?**

I made really typical kind of clothes in the country. We used these good knitting machines though, and we could work out of the house, so we didn't have to go to a factory.

**What do you think of America?**

I like it, but it's expensive. You get a dollar, but then you have to spend it. The only difference is that when you save \$1,000 over here, over there it's like \$10,000.



### RAUL

I grew up in Mexico City. I stayed there for 20 years, then I moved around the country to different places: Monterrey, Guadalajara, and so on. Finally I came here to New York five years ago.

**Did you have a hard time finding work?**

Not really. I did construction at the beginning. Somebody told me, "You want to work?" and I was like, "Yeah, I can do whatever." So I started working in construction, and they paid me well. It's funny, cause they paid me better than my current job.

**And what's that?**

I'm currently doing freelance restorations for galleries. I'm really lucky, because I am a sculptor and it's more along the lines of my career.

**So New York has been a cakewalk for you?**

I mean, I have found myself in really bad situations. Some people are abusive of the immigrant situation, because they know we don't really know what we're doing.

**What was the worst situation you've been in so far?**

I used to work in a place that made art reproductions, and of course they didn't pay us very well. It was like a small factory with 16 painters in a tiny room painting Van Gogh and Gauguin reproductions all day long.





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**LUIS**

I'm from Ecuador.

**When did you leave?**

1999. I came to visit a few times before I decided to stay.

**What did you do back home?**

I was a technical professional in politics. I'm a business lawyer by education, so I worked as an analyst in several commissions. We worked on projects to improve the national economy.

**And what do you do here?**

I work in jewelry, as a middleman between the big companies and small local ones.

**What do you think of the States?**

It's a great country. There are a lot of business opportunities and people have an open mind about everything. The education's really good too. I want my sons to become professionals here. There's so much corruption in Ecuador, even if you're a professional you can never really make something of yourself.



**SANDRA**

I grew up in El Salvador. I went up to Mexico with my friend and stayed with her for a couple days. Then I went to

Tijuana and walked across to Los Angeles with four other folks. My sister lives here in New York, and she sent me the plane ticket to fly out. The whole reason I came was for my daughter, who has severe scoliosis. She came up after me with a visa and is getting treatment in Pennsylvania. I have a work permit, which should allow me to travel, but I really don't want to risk it. I feel more or less stuck here. Plus I have a son in El Salvador I haven't seen in 14 years. He only knows me by voice and by pictures.

**What do you think of Americans?**

They're like everybody, there's good folks and bad.

**Do you like our TV?**

Sure, you can learn English from the shows. My favorites are *Animal World*, *Superman*, and that one with the three sisters who are witches.

**You mean *Charmed*?**

Yes! I like it cause it has a lot of fantasy.



**ISABEL**

I'm from Ecuador.

**How hard was it to get to New York?**

I came to Miami first, 14 years ago. I had a friend who lived there, but she wouldn't let me stay with her because her husband didn't want me around. So I traveled to New York, where I didn't really know anybody and had nowhere to go.

**How'd you find work?**

I tracked down a friend who lived here and she found me a job in two days, cleaning for a family in Queens. They gave me \$120 a week.

**Was that the worst job experience you've had?**

No, I had a job in Connecticut where I

had to take care of a girl with mental problems on top of cleaning for the family and everything. They paid me \$60 a week. They put a small bed in the girl's room for me to sleep in, and when I told them I was leaving to come back to New York, they told me that the rent for the room was \$100 a week and I actually owed them \$40 for each week I worked. So they didn't pay me.

**That's terrible. How'd you get out of it?**

One of my daughters back in Ecuador called a friend and she helped me find a job at a factory in Manhattan. But then it shut down after three weeks and none of us got paid.

**Jesus Christ. Have you had any good jobs?**

I was a dog walker for a family in Manhattan. It wasn't that hard and I got \$12 an hour. They had two cocker spaniels named Spicy and Lucky. I'd walk them three times a day, then clean and feed them.

**How do you like America?**

I don't like living here that much. Life in Ecuador's a lot different, and all my friends are there. It's very harsh here, and hard to make honest friends. Americans think immigrants are like machines or something—that we never get tired. And they only value us because they believe we'll do the most difficult jobs no matter what.

**What do you think of Americans as compared to Ecuadorians?**

They're more practical, but less humanitarian. They don't waste their time as much as we like to. We're a lot more sentimental.



**ALBERTO**

I grew up in a small town in Matamoros, Mexico.



**When did you leave for the States?**

I came when I was about 15. I lived with my three brothers in Brooklyn for a while, but we didn't get along so I eventually started living by myself.

**How'd you get up here?**

I paid a guy to help guide me through the frontier with eight other people. There were two guys and six women in the group. We walked for two days through the mountains across the border. When we'd stop to rest at night, you could hear snakes all around. Our guide had a cane with this little metal wire thing that he'd punch into the ground to keep the snakes away while we were walking. We never had any trouble, but it felt pretty dangerous.

**Did your brothers hook you up with work?**

They didn't help me, so I found a job at a car wash, working 12 hours a day, seven days a week, for \$2.30 an hour. It was winter when I started, so I had to work outside in the snow and ice. I'd lived for a couple months in Durango, Mexico, which is really cold in the winter, so I was kind of used to it, but the guy who owned the place wouldn't let me come inside at all. I had to cover myself with pieces of cardboard.

**So you were chillin'?**

Sort of. After that I started doing construction, which is what I'm doing now.



**BOBBY**

I'm from Puebla, Mexico. I went to school until I was 12, then started working when I was 13.

**What was your first job?**

My family and my uncles do construction, so I was working on houses.

**How'd do you end up in the states?**

I took a plane from Mexico City to Tijuana, then crossed the border with a few people. We walked for a few hours and ended up in L.A. the same day. I was there for about three days, then I flew to New York. I just stayed with friends and family wherever I went.

**What kind of work did you do when you got to New York?**

When I first got here I was working on a Pepsi truck. I'd load them then do the deliveries to the supermarkets and stores.

**How do you get along with Americans?**

I used to get a hard time from black and Puerto Rican people in my neighborhood, but now everything's fine. I like to work with Americans though. They're good people. I don't work with Spanish people anymore. No way.

**Why not?**

The Spanish people are always trying to get you to work harder, and it's like the more work you do, the more work they want you to do.



**VANESSA**

I lived in Bogota until two months ago.

**Isn't it hard to get a visa out?**

It is, but I studied dance in Colombia, so I was able to come here on a student visa.

**What are your thoughts on America?**

It's very easy to find work, but I cannot be peaceful here. You Americans only think in terms of money and are all the time working. You don't have any time left for you. I don't think I've been here long enough to really miss my family, but I miss my friends in Colombia and the parties.

**What are Colombian parties like?**

We go to the bars with a bunch of friends.

The bars here are really different. In Colombia you just take the drinks in with you and hang out. There is no cover charge or charge for drinks.

**Wait, that doesn't make any sense. How do they stay open?**

When there's a lot of people from one group they pool their money and rent it out for the night.



**MAURICIO**

I grew up in Mexico City and moved here three years ago, one day before the blackout.

**What were you doing before you moved?**

I actually wrote for Mexican TV. I worked on soap operas and comedy shows.

**And now?**

Right now I do whatever is available: Construction, technical work at theaters, sometimes help with translating—too many things.

**What's been the hardest thing to adapt to living in the States?**

The Spanish language is completely destroyed here. The ads in Spanish on the subways are almost always incorrect. I think the companies must rely on people who really don't know the language to translate them, and nobody takes the time to check them.

**But isn't that just ads in general? I mean we have ads in English that say things like "Drink Dasani everyday."**

I don't know. But there's one ad I always see that says *afuera solir*, which basically means, "To go outside outside."

INTERVIEWS BY VICE STAFF,

PHOTOS BY PATRICK O'DELL

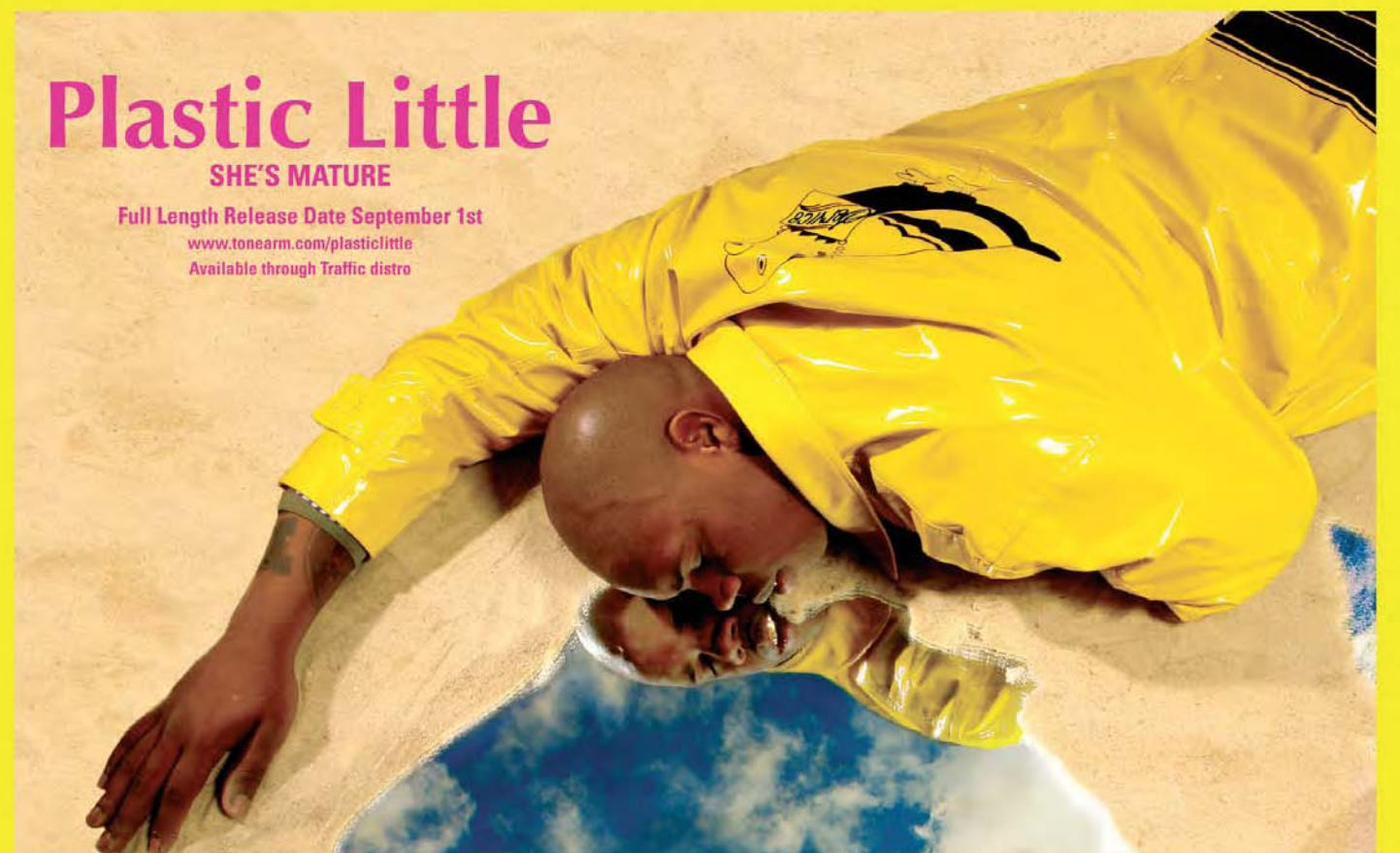
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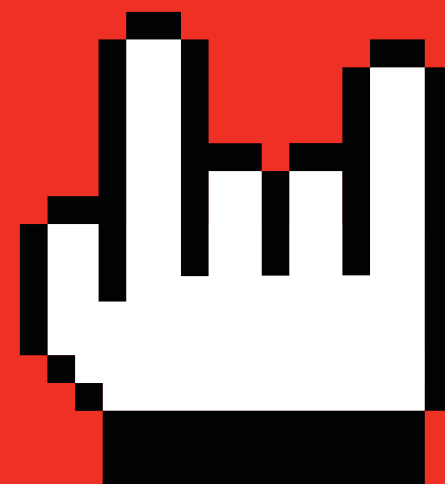
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This was at one of those Beard-and-Mustache events where everyone's super-serious about their face and they can't take wisecrasses coming in and making a mockery of everything. God bless the wisecrasses.



Can you ever go wrong with checkerboard slip-ons? What other shoe is gut-wrenchingly cute on Asian babies yet still carries its own with a guy that just did a bump in the Port-a-Potty.



Don't feel sorry for bums. They have shitty genes and you don't. Instead of crying about it, you should be singing Katrina and the Waves in midair.



These aren't brown nylons—they're beige fishnets, and when you combine them with 60s French beatnik you turn everyone around you into a dude.



This guy is so awesome he makes you want to break up with your dad.



Wearing all the latest "clobber" (as the British say) can be a dangerous game but if you anchor yourself with things like a reasonable beard and straight glasses, there's no limit to how much flair you can have on.

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They're both guilty of publicly dry-humping a medieval fat jock in a dress.



What the fuck is that? You want to look away but you can't, like an old lady falling off her bike. Seriously though, what is it? It looks like something Liquid-Plumr should be taking care of. Jesus.



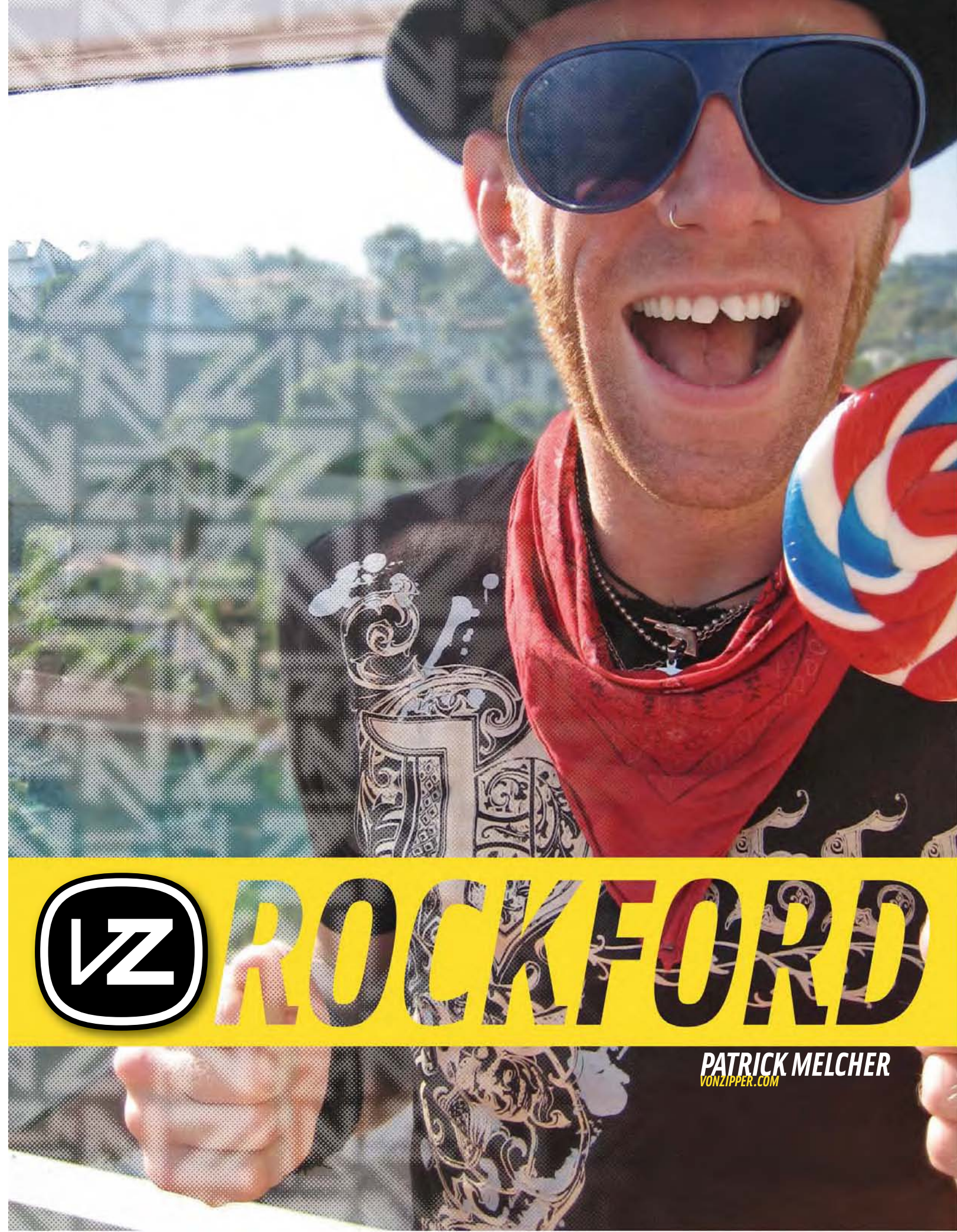
Fuck, we already finished making the DON'Ts dolls. Where was this Bratz cliché with her Eskimo Fluevogs six months ago?



This tattoo helps you see that he is a gross monster and you need to stay away. Dude, you had me at pierced nipples.



We saw these two frenching like they were in a Chris Cunningham video and were genuinely concerned they were trying to suffocate each other. Take it easy lady, he's not a cock.



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Um, if you're trying to gross us out you chose the wrong wardrobe, Amy. What is that, a denim-skirt belt? And white jeans? *Strangers With Horny* more like. [Too bad the movie was so awful we walked out of it—Ed.]



Assuming those are NOT dreads, this sloppy runaway thing is really working for us. Especially the gross socks. It's like *Flashdance* meets *Virgin Suicides* with a dash of *Bumfights*.



This guy is obviously completely out of his fucking mind, but you have to admit the color scheme is pretty aesthetically satisfying. I'd blow him if he was in an art-rock band or his parents were famous.



Girls are obsessed with the DOs & DON'Ts because it's like taking a trip inside a guy's brain. That's why you see them wearing the same short shorts, tidy shirts, and 70s shoes we told them to wear. You're welcome, boners!



The rule used to be you could only wear a fedora with a collared shirt and cords, not jeans, but do you think this maverick gives a flying fuck about the rules? He IS the rules.



Not sure if it has anything to do with Michael Alig being up for parole but you can't shake a stick in London these days without hitting a club kid. Good. We need more "things." How else are we going to glorify our youth when we're old?

"To the one I love...  
prepare to die."

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Based on the manga "Basilisk" by FUTARO YAMADA • MASAKI SEGAWA originally serialized in the Young Magazine "Gekkan Shounen Gangan" published by Shogakukan Ltd. ©2005 FUTARO YAMADA • MASAKI SEGAWA • KODANSHA/Digital Anime Project Inc. Licensed by FUNIMATION.

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The Iraq War seems tragic right now, but do you really want America to be so friendly with those guys that they start coming over here and partying with us?



When you see a hot girl dressed like a stupid candy it's kind of like all those cool lesbians in San Francisco that you want to fuck but you just can't.



What kind of sadistic parents let their kid grow up in Manhattan where, instead of playing *Phantom Menace* in the backyard, they're chatting with the Pirates of Fagpants over here about how there's no good cafés on Ludlow anymore.



Nude with a CBGB's tattoo is rough, but is she there with her husband and their kid? Does he have to see his mom's tits flopping around in the mosh pit? That's beyond sadistic. That's eye rape.



Jesus Christ, what a fucking grill! That face looks like it's absorbed every problem every person in the whole world has ever had including diarrhea.

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# PHOTO STORIES WITH JAIMIE WARREN

Vice: Jaimie, what was your Fourth of July like this year?  
Jaimie: It was OK...



The fireworks were the usual shit.



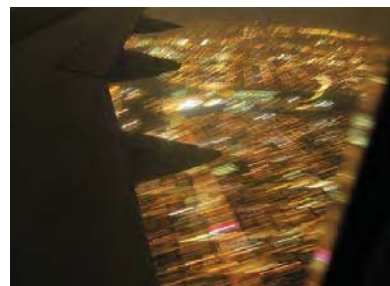
We started the night grilling brats and drinking Milwaukee's Best Light. It turned into a full-blown party.



Later we snuck into a country club where the pool cover doubled as a trampoline.



Oh, and Matt got a pre-birthday toilet papering.



You came out to New York this summer from Kansas City for our photo show that you were in. Was the flight OK?  
It was over before I knew it.



I passed the time pretending to be scared...



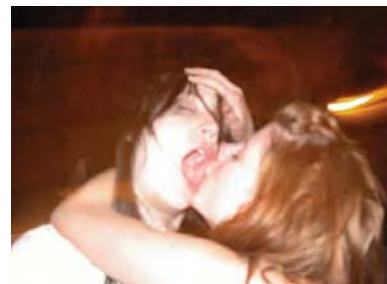
...by this dumb bitch.



Is Kansas City a good party town?  
It can be... this night was a roller-skating party. They had a DJ, a VJ, the limbo, and a spread with pickles, candy bars, popcorn, hot dogs, nachos... everything! And it was all free!



You know a party is good when people crowd-surf a piece of the ceiling for ten minutes!



This was the first night that my friends Amy and Chloe met, and they got in a huge fight. Chloe had just moved here from Philadelphia.  
Later they rubbed mud all over themselves and made out. It was weird.

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Now Chloe is one of your best friends, right? Correct. She is one of my favorites. We went to four parties in one night recently, dressing differently for each one.



At one of the bars the walls had been flag-taped a million times and by the end of the night people were all woven in them and dancing rave-style.



Chloe made out with some random boy.



On the way home we whip-creamed Lisa's Oldsmobile and toilet-papered her trees.



Are there any specific things that only happen in KC? We have our own Mardi Gras night here.



People go more or less apeshit.



You have a really tight group of buds out there, huh?



I guess so. I mean, there was a backrub chain at a show a few months ago.



Everyone was having fun until someone smashed bananas and detergent all over the floor. Not cool.



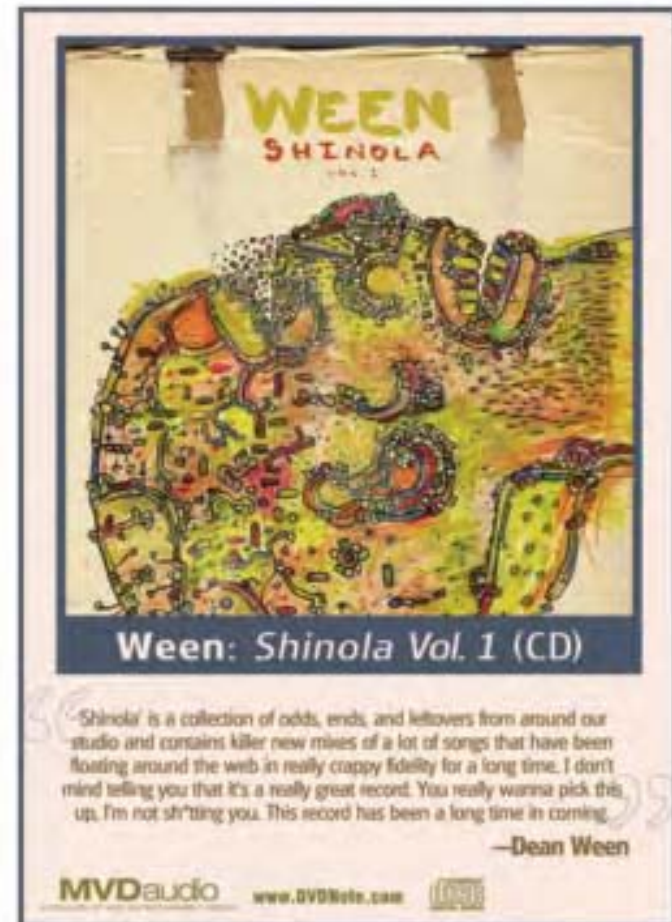
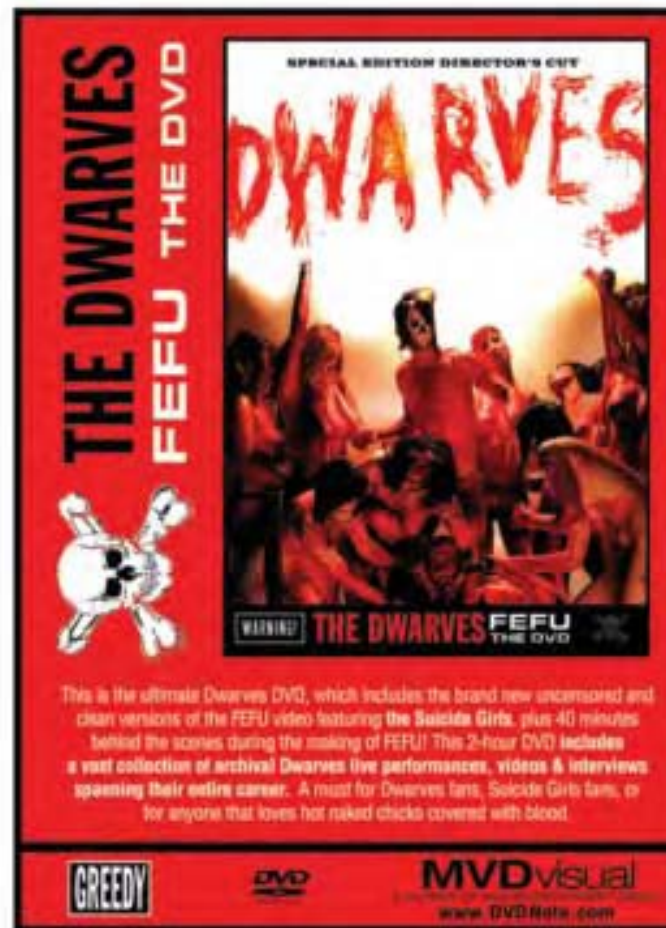
We found out it was our friend Ally and a couple of the guys discussed what to do in retaliation.



They ended up smacking her in the face with a buttered chunk of table since we were out of cream pies. It fucked her up pretty bad.



Just kidding! She was fine.











## BEST ALBUM OF THE MONTH: LUDUS



### Pharrell 8

**In My Mind**  
Star Trak/Geffen

Look, you know I wasn't even trying to sweat this album. I really thought this was going to be pure *Cosmo Girl* material at this point. I mean, the minute I saw what the Ice Cream sneakers looked like I wrote dude off. But there's some shit on this record, yo. This takes me back to that first N.E.R.D. joint which, looking back, was really kind of a classic despite all the cornballs who embraced it. Pharrell actually comes across as a rapper on "Raspy Shit," and the "Yong Girl/I Really Like You" combo is what Mazarati would sound like if they came out today. So I'm with it. Just don't ask me to call him Skateboard P. I ain't going there. BUSTA NUT

### Tha Dogg Pound 7

**Cali Iz Active**  
Doggystyle

You know what? Fuck it. I'm a come out (pause) and say that the West Coast is still the coolest. And nobody cares anymore. But that's all right because Daz doesn't care about anyone. I mean, homie's sitting on a ton of Tupac masters and he's been chilling in his ranch in Arizona, steadily putting out records ever since he said "Fuck Suge" ten years ago. This is his latest, and it's got Lady of Rage on it. And Diddy on the single, for some strange reason. You should support. WHOADIE ALLEN

### Various Artists 6.5

**SMACK: The Album Vol. 1**  
Koch

Papoose said it best: "They need to give my man SMACK his own TV show." Not his own record deal, mind you. But this also comes with a DVD which is as classic as all the other SMACK installments. YOUNG NIZZLE

### DJ Khaled 7

**Listennn: The Album**  
Koch

As annoying as Khaled is, this is the album with "Holler At Me" on it, which in case you didn't get the memo is the best posse cut since "Protect Ya Neck." "Problem," featuring former nemeses Beanie and Jada, is also insane. And Rick Ross is all over this thing. Not too shabby. SMUTTY RUFF

### Team Canada 8

**Classic Material I**

### The Bangers 8

**Purple Reign**

We don't usually review mixtapes but it's a slow month so might as well show love to a couple of joints you might've missed. And even though mash-ups are so two years ago, here are two fine listens. Team Canada comes with the eclecticism you've come to expect from these types of mixes, but everything is put together with the precision and good taste

of meticulous Montrealers. What a great name too. Whereas the Bangers do what you should've thought of doing the minute you got your Mac: Remixing all of Killa Cam's hits with Prince beats. Hence the title. Cute, it works. MACHO

### Admiral Crumple N/A

**Sorceraw**  
Independent

This kid has sent us all his albums for the past four years and has written us every week for the past six months. And apparently, no other magazines want to review his stuff. I still didn't get a chance to really peep his record either, but at least he's in here. So this is the lesson you learn on a slow month: Perseverance pays off. There. You're in *Vice*, kid. MACHO



### Peaches 0

**Impeach My Bush**  
XL

Back with a shocking (gasp!) new album title and her trademark rather-be-scoring-than-singing delivery, Peaches plants her flag as "leader" of the "electropunk movement!" Put another way, that's like having the "front seat" on a "bus full of retards." Even if "Fuck the Pain Away" were a halfway decent novelty song a couple of years ago, it's time to cut the bullshit: An overfed and under-talented party tart clumsily deconstructing gender dynamics is as threatening to the mainstream as Weird Al doing a Toby

Keith parody—and certainly far less entertaining. KRYSTAL KNOCKERS

### The Knife 4

**Silent Shout**  
Mute

These guys are too cool for school. They won't do interviews, they wear masks in their press pictures, they never play concerts, and they boycotted the Swedish Grammys. Who the fuck do they think they are? Tool? My friend Skunk says Tool is the most innovative band ever. Ever. I think the Knife should cover some Tool songs. Maybe the one with the riff and the video with the animation. There should have been a Tool cover on this album. Then it would have gotten an 8. Too bad, Knife. Maybe next time you won't play so many spooky electronic songs and you'll play something off *Lateralus*. THE FAT GUY

### CSS 7

**Cansei De Sar Sexy**  
SubPop

Dear Lovefoxxx, I interviewed you last month and for at least 15 minutes you talked (in cute/frustrating broken English) about social-networking sites. I said "Uh huh" a lot, and told you I was just as obsessed. Confession: That was a lie. Also, when I told you I got the critique of hipster culture on your album, that was a lie too. But don't get pissed, please, 'cause when I said I didn't like the new Mudhoney and that I thought it was cool your band's name came from a Beyoncé quote that was totally the truth. Sorry. Your album is still a pretty good time. As always, ME

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## Dan Deacon 5

**Acorn Master**  
Psych-o-Path

Dan Deacon and his friends from Baltimore have invented a genre of music they call "Future Shock." I'm glad they told me that before I reviewed their new EP, 'cause I almost called it an electro-psych record, which would have been totally embarrassing for everyone involved. Really though, I liked it better when we just called this kind of music "mediocre." SNARKATTACK MOTHERFUCKER



## Thor 1

**Devastation of Musculation**  
Smog Veil

Wow, I really hate to have to be the one to tell you this, but—here, why don't you have a seat—nobody was ever actually "into" your music. Don't get me wrong, that Thor costume with the giant cuff spikes was great and all the metal-bending and water-bottle-popping blew many an eight-year-old mind, but the tunes? How exactly do I put this? Even if they were jokes, Manowar would still have you beat by a solid bajillion. CHAD MUNGLORD

## Priestess 8

**Hello Master**  
RCA

This is basically a less gay version of Wolfmother who won't get half as much attention

## WORST ALBUM OF THE MONTH: PEACHES

because they don't have Clyde Frazier haircuts and they dress like you and your buds instead of like your zany Aunt Jinny. That's fair. MARY LOUISE BUTTERS

## Modern Machines 9

**Take It, Somebody!**  
Dirtnap

I like to think that in 20 years someone is going to be having a conversation like, "Hey, remember when that band Modern Machines played in so-and-so's basement? Man, that show ruled and that band totally changed my life for the better." The other, more likely, possibility is closer to, "Hey, remember that Blink-182 song in that beer commercial? Yeah man, I love beating my kids." Not saying that you'll definitely be a child abuser if you don't appreciate good music, but come on. You know you will. ARTIE PHILIE

## Daughters 8

**Hell Songs**  
Hydra Head

Cluster fuck. "Cluster," meaning a massively disorganized bunch of whatever, and "fuck"... meaning, well... fuck. *Hell Songs*=Cluster fuck. This record is simultaneously one of the best and worst records you will hear this year and it's likely that the band that conceived it couldn't care less how you feel about it. IDRA ED

## 5ive 10

**Versus**  
Tortuga

Stoner Rock would be the wrong nomenclature for a band that has spent the last

five years honing such a distinctive yet easily absorbed sound. These two men have crafted riffs that are as dense as a back-country, dirt-road, all-out bar fight and, with the addition of the cinematic remix by Renaissance man Justin Broadrick, as pleasant as a cruise down the PCH with beer in hand at sunset. It's a perfect Saturday in 25 minutes. ROT GUT

## Voivod 1

**Katorz**  
The End

I put this on and pressed play, saying to myself, "Fuck yeah, new Voivod, shit is going to kill!" Then I started thinking about what I wanted for lunch, what time I had to be at work, and the deadline for consolidating my student loans. After five songs I was like, "What the hell am I listening to again?" When I remembered, I was utterly crushed, but not in a *War and Pain* way. Took care of that loan thing though, thanks for asking. ARTIE PHILIE

## Deep Sleep 10

**Now You're Screwed**  
Grave Mistake

There are two kinds of Black Flag fans: On the one hand there's the dude who spent a few years listening to punk and has *The First Four Years* on his iPod. Maybe he puts it on when he wants to freak out his buddies in the office carpool. Then you have the social retards who can go back and forth for hours on a topic like Dez vs. Chavo until they go home and listen to side B of *My War* alone in the dark. I'm deep in the latter

group, and I fucking LOVE this record, OK? GAYBEEZ

## Circle 5

**Earth Worm**  
No Quarter

How big of a fucking slam dunk would this have been if, in moving back to overdriven Dungen territory, these Scandos had kept the weird Finnish forest mumbling instead of roping in some ESL ex-goth to spout off about money? They could have been one of those "featured" bands in the *NY Times* instead of just sounding like my drunk uncle trying to make fun of Ozzy at Thanksgiving. KEBBIN FREND

## Tam 7

**S/T**  
Ecstatic Peace

French Canadian garage-ist fluff on Thurston Moore's label. Sample song titles: "Incest at Best," "French Made Simple." Fun, trashy, intentionally throwaway stuff that sounds very early 90s and while not amazing, is better than it has any right being. It's like when you find some kind of Polish candy that you buy at a really out-of-the-way store because it's got a funny wrapper and it looks like dog poop. Then your friend dares you to eat it and as soon as you do, you wish you could remember where the fuck you got it 'cause it's awesome. ALFIE JARRY

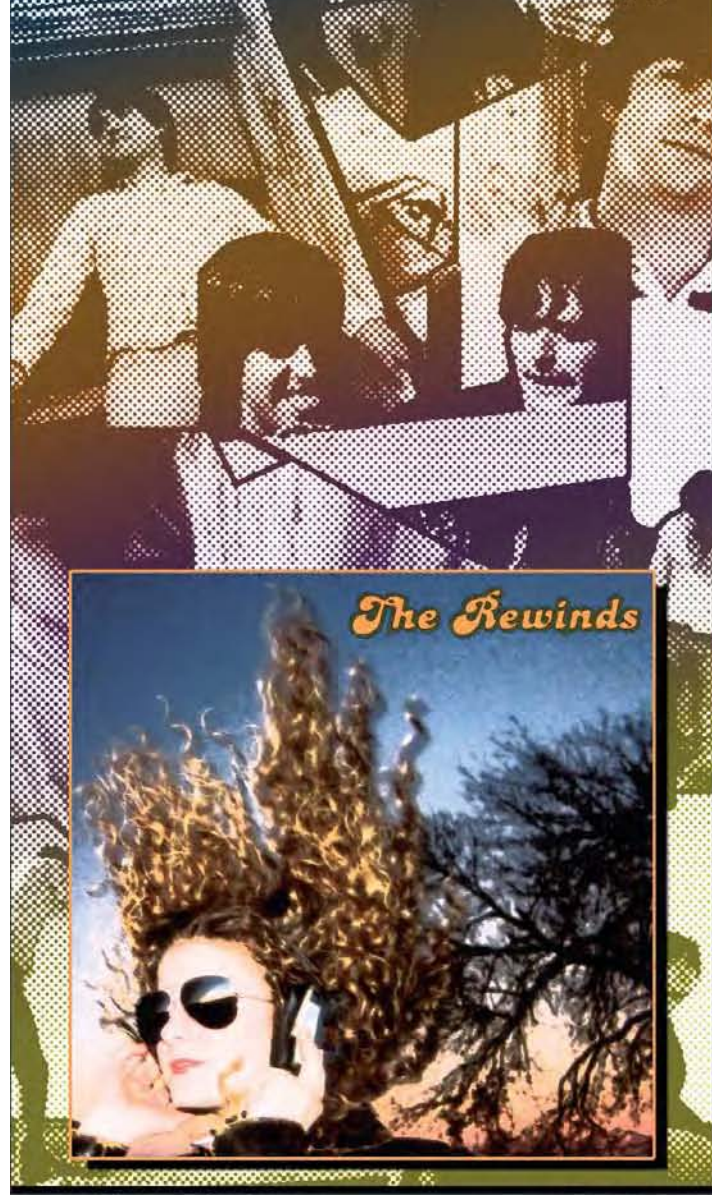
## Black Helicopter 4

**Invisible Jet**  
Ecstatic Peace

Is this what the guys rid-

## The Rewinds Debut IN STORES NOW

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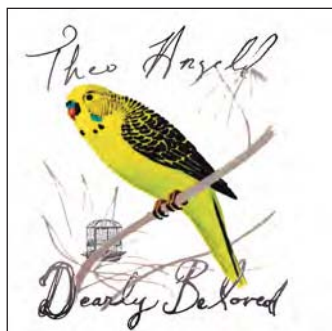
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## BEST COVER OF THE MONTH: THEO ANGELL

ing around in those black helicopters listen to? I thought it was something more like maybe Sabbath, or oldies. At any rate, black helicopters and invisible jets are supposed to impart some sense of wonder and fear but this album is just kinda “there.” It’s organ, it’s guitars, it’s drums—it’s everything workmanlike and serviceable you’d expect of four guys from Boston who play noisy rock music.  
DAVID COTNER

### Erase Errata 2



#### Nightlife

Kill Rock Stars

As much as I would love to be supportive and enthusiastic about an overtly political all-girl rock group, I can’t help but just cringe, turn it off, and wait halfheartedly for the apocalypse.  
BOX CUTTER

### New York Dolls 2



#### One Day It Will Please Us to Remember Even This Roadrunner

Like a bar band with a budget playing Stones covers, this is for divorced dads to unwind to after a long day.  
PERMANENT MARKER

### Joan Jett & the Blackhearts 3



#### Sinner

Blackheart

My mom was always into Joan Jett. I think I’ll give her this CD so she can listen to it in her truck and feel like she’s the town badass on her way to buy gardening supplies. Hell, the way this record sounds she

might even run into Joan at Home Depot and wind up exchanging recipes or some crap. Maybe they’ll even share a shopping cart? The imagination runs wild with limitless possibilities.  
SASSY CUPCAKES

### Comets on Fire 5



#### Avatar

SubPop

This has that “We wish so bad we were a band in the 70s” feel to it that is so everywhere right now it’s like we’re living in a fucking VH1 special.  
ZIP ZERO

### Say Hi to Your Mom 6



#### Impeccable Blahs

Euphobia

One of those bands that you might like if you were friends with them or something, but you’re not so you don’t.  
PAPER CLIP

### Tapes 'N Tapes 2



#### The Loon

XL

OK. Fine. It’s not *that* bad. But I’m fucking tired of this annoyingly mediocre music. Someone please. Make it stop. When I’m in an elevator in ten years and this is the new muzak, I’m gonna be totally pissed.  
MR. MAGOOK

### Cursive 8



#### Happy Hollow

Saddle Creek

Another spunky indie-orgy from the numb gray plains of Middle America that sounds like it was made by people who actu-

ally know what they are doing.  
RUBBER STAMP

### The Tyde 3



#### Three's Co.

Rough Trade

You spend years cultivating a secret favorite band and after all that hard nerd-work, when you’ve finally found the perfect combination of good tunes, underratedness, and low googleability in a group that could never see a mainstream revival in a thousand years, some kids go and take one big Strokes-sounding dump all over it. Thanks a bunch, Felt-ruiners.  
OL’ POPS



### Theo Angell 9



#### Dearly Beloved

Amish

Like their friends and forbearers Tower Recordings, New York’s Hall of Fame was one of the most underrated acts of the 90s. Hall of Fame singer-songer, one-time Jackie-O member, and lauded video artist Theo Angell’s debut album is both lovely and subtly original. The high-pitched, multi-track vocals, oblique lyrics, and strange orchestration seem to come both from too many nights spent trapped in a tiny apartment and days spent alone in the woods. It is definitely folk music, encompassing the British kind, the Appalachian stuff, and the sort that sounds like Fleetwood Mac demos. We must have more, soon.  
COCHE MAGNIFICO

### Nick Castro & the Young Elders 3



#### S/T

Strange Attractors Audio House

This exercise in world-jam Renn-faire mystical fluff-prog is kind of bullshit. It’s unfortunate, ’cause studmuffin Castro is really a talented guitarist with a knowledge of many styles. But in an era when trustafarian fake freak-folk bands continue to sprout like kudzu, if you have an album that mixes harmonium, African thumb piano, acoustic guitar, Celtic harp, and goddamn nyabinghi drums and also has lyrics like “Our destinies intertwined/ In the tanglings of the mind,” it has to be seriously awesome (à la Espers or Josphine Foster) or else you shall face the wrath of ye olde cut-out bin.  
BONGO MADNESS

### Grizzly Bear 6.5



#### Yellow House

Warp

Josh from Relative Theory says this rules, and he gave us beer and directions to the beach, so that’s enough for me. I tempered the enthusiasm down to a reasonable 6.5 though, because Josh is from Norfolk, VA, world HQ of Everything Here Sucks, Inc., so his radar might be a bit off.  
CELERY SANDWICH

### Lisa Germano 3



#### In the Maybe World

Young God

If you have a little sister who keeps you awake all the time listening to Tori Amos and Cat Power, give her this CD. She’ll

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# PEACHES

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## WORST COVER OF THE MONTH: ADAM GREEN

think it's totally mesmerizing and you'll be comatose before the first song is half over. Seriously, it's faster than the Ambien and Vodka Express. SENATOR SHITBAG

### Shapes and Sizes 2



**S/T**  
Asthmatic Kitty

I'd be writing shitty records too if I was 25 years old and still getting called "fag-got" by the middle-schoolers outside 7-Eleven. On the reals, this album comes in one shape and one size: Gay. Ten godawful post-twee fag-outs about sweaters, crying, and nature. WWW.TUBGIRL.COM

### Adam Green 7



**Jacket Full of Danger**  
Rough Trade

If this album was in a race versus Kimya Dawson, Kimya would win for sure, but Adam would still be the one wearing the smoking jacket and getting BJ's after the big race so it wouldn't matter. Kimya would be standing there, a blue ribbon in her hands and Band-Aids on her knees while AG would be all thrusting his pelvis in a diamond-studded jumpsuit. Dick. ELVIS LESLEY

### Camera Obscura 9



**Let's Get Out of This Country**  
Merge

I'm over 30, all my clothes have hearts or baby animals on them, and all I listen to is retardedly adorable music like this li'l sunshine rainbow of an album. I'm basically turning into Bette Davis in *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* and I'm a little bit concerned for myself, but

fuck it. This album sounds like a perfect cross between 60s girl groups and Belle & Sebastian, plus "Lloyd, I'm Ready to be Heartbroken" is the sweetest single I've heard in forevs, so until I try to push Joan Crawford down a flight of stairs, leave me be with my happy delusions. MEG SNEED

### Snowden 6



**Anti-Anti**  
Jade Tree

I don't know how the South expects to rise again at this kind of pace. Maybe it has something to do with sitting on porches or preservatives or something us Yankees don't understand, but humping the same songs for half a decade before getting it on record doesn't exactly seem like the best recipe for a "fresh" debut. I'll try to send a copy over to five-years-ago me though, I'm sure he'll be pretty stoked. ANAL NG

### The Cairo Gang 9



**S/T**  
Narnack

Cairo Gang sound like a sparser, hippy-dippier Akron/Family. Weasel Walter mastered this album. I'm in a band that puts out real albums but I still don't know what mastering is. I do, however, know who Weasel Walter is and his involvement means that this is a good record. I actually didn't even listen to it. I just know it's good. Sike, I listened to it. THE INTERNET

### Ivy League 10



**S/T**  
Twenty Seven

Normally I frown upon

bands putting their own dumb mugs on their album covers, but this one is drawn so well that it gets a wave-through. I also can't believe a band would cover an Arcade Fire song about five minutes after the original just happened, but again, they nailed it so I have to let it slide. This band is like the badass guy in high school that gets away with misbehaving all the time because he's like totally hot. CUBAN B



### Exceper 10



**Alternation**  
5RC

So, finally got an album together, I see. What took so long? Oh right, those fucking 20 awesome EPs. Almost forgot. Well, uh, keep up the being-weird then. THACEY GRUNGE

### An Albatross 0



**Blessphemy**  
Ace Fu

Jesus Christ, I'm with old people. Stop with the screaming and turn this shit down. Yelling doesn't mean you have something to say and making loud noises with other dudes doesn't make you a band. Get the fuck off my lawn. ANOME

### 10Lec6 7



**Join Us!**  
Troubleman Unlimited

You ever listen to the Rolling Stones with one speaker blown, so only the bass,

drum, and backup vocals come through and it sounds like a cover by some weird New York art band from the 70s? I feel like if somebody'd fix the cable for the other guy, this might be some sort of amazing Nausea-inspired Japanese dance act, but I guess it's not too bad as is. BEN BALABIA

### Ovo 8



**Mistenia**  
Load

Roman sludgy destruction, doom, and chaos. Kind of flips between Melt Banana pretending to be a Bay Area crust band and an inexplicably sinister/bratty, shambolic early Deerhoof. Their website says they'd "like to keep Ovo if not outside the market rules, at least very free inside of them." Um, yeah, so covered. You're more than there. PETEY WHEATSTRAW

### Ludus 10



**Pickpocket/Danger Came Smiling**  
LTM

Linder Sterling is the Mancunian modern artist who taught Morrissey everything he knows and once scandalized the Factory by wearing a dress made entirely of chicken meat. She also designed the collage sleeve for Buzzcocks' "Orgasm Addict" and played on bills with everyone from Joy Division to Crass. These two albums from 1981 and 1982 full of sax, guitar, subguttural utterances and odd noises tearing at the corpse of 4/4 avant-rock are an acquired taste, but so is Jägermeister and spinach and we all know how good those are for you. DAVID COTNER

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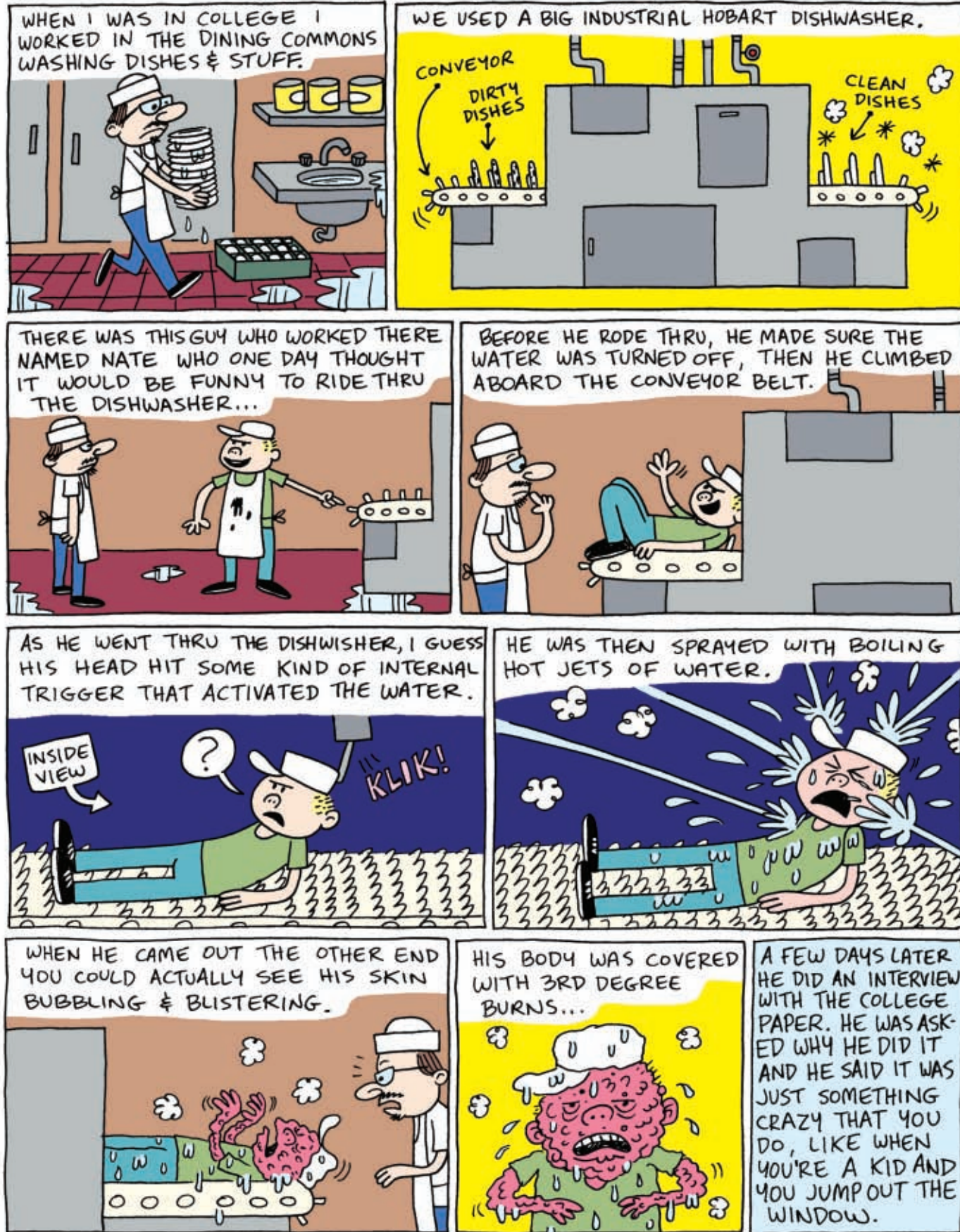
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